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Death walks with the widow, the story of a woman to whom crime was a game. See Page 22

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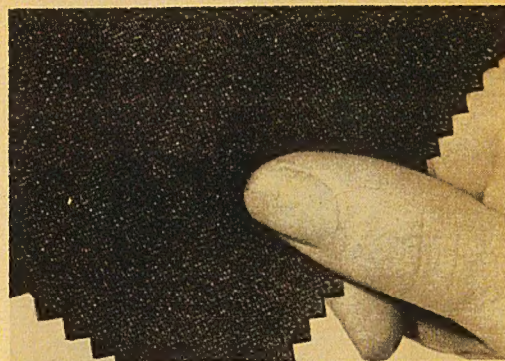
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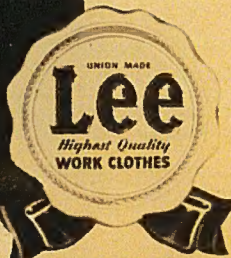
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THE MAN AROUND THE HOUSE

BY ROY HODGES

GUN OIL: If you're like us and love guns, you probably spend some fine winter nights taking them down and oiling and polishing the parts. Rubbing down a fine rifle or compact pistol is a made-to-order job for a philosopher. It encourages thought and induces new ideas. But trying to poke a blunted oilcan into a tiny space is a nuisance. So we were darned glad to hear about the new can of gun oil that works on the principle of a D D T bomb. It sprays a fine penetrating film of lubricant into and onto the gun and is a really simple and effective way to lubricate and protect "old Betsy."

OUR WORK SHOP wasn't complete until we got a new and inexpensive type of *blow torch*. For home use, it's another



Blowtorch for chicks.

gadget that works on the air bomb principle, this torch lights instantly with a match, needs no pouring, pumping or priming. We've used ours for lighting fires and for removing old paint, but one member of the family thought it mighty handy for singeing chickens! Actually, it'll do almost any job where a hot jet of flame is necessary. The new kind of fuel it uses comes in a disposable container that quickly seals into position in the torch, is readily replaced when empty, just like the new cigarette lighters on the market.

OFF THE COB: It takes a man with a hobby workbench to teach his wife a trick or two in the kitchen. A friend of ours is pretty smug around the house these days since he showed the missus how to cut sweet corn off the cob with a shoehorn! He sharpened the wide end of an ordinary metal shoe-horn that just fits the curvature of the average ear of corn. It made it a cinch to shear off the kernels and is less wasteful than using a knife.

POWER: We dropped in on a pal of ours recently and found him buzzing away at a heavy piece of board, making some pretty smooth inside and outside curves. He was making a new seat for a child's broken toilet fixture that he expected his youngest to graduate to. He'd never be able to do the job, he said, if he hadn't run across a new portable power saw that was a whole machine shop rolled up into one. It could be used as a rip, crosscut, scroll or coping saw and if you attached it to the bench it took

the place of an expensive band-saw or jig-saw! "Naw," he'd never used one before. "They sent instructions with it along with three blades and a screw-driver." It cost him forty-nine bucks, which doesn't seem like much for what amounts to half a dozen tools!

HACK WORK: Speaking of saws, we found a clever one. Sort of an endless hack-saw that has an enclosed spring that returns the blade after each stroke. It looks like a small, light grease gun and will saw in limited spaces and do jobs around the house that an ordinary hack-saw can't do. For instance, we sawed a small circular hole in a metal drum without any trouble at all. It's said to be fine for sawing out parts of floor boards, wall panels or metal doors and in spite of its small size it'll cut through almost any desired thickness. The manufacturers claim the blades won't break, either.

ONE OF THE DULLEST JOBS around anybody's house is mixing paint to the right color before freshening up the place. A slick trick we picked up that will be useful to anyone who owns an electric drill is a simple matter of inserting a straight piece of wire (about coat hanger thickness) into the drill chuck and bending it very slightly at the end away from the chuck. Just plunge it in the paint and turn on the drill, it'll mix half a gallon of paint in less than a minute and the wire can be discarded immediately afterward. But brother! be careful that the paint can isn't too full. You should see how we splattered up the place by being careless!



Splatter paint with drill.

WE KNOW some pretty good tricks for hacksaw blades that do get broken. There's nothing like an old piece of hacksaw for simplifying your wife's job of cleaning celery. The teeth of the blade reach into the tiny grooves of the celery stalk. . . Another use for a fine-toothed hacksaw blade that is no good is for a breadknife.

Any prices mentioned are approximate, vary slightly in different localities. Send no money to **INSIDE**. For manufacturers' addresses, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to **THE MAN AROUND THE HOUSE, INSIDE DETECTIVE**, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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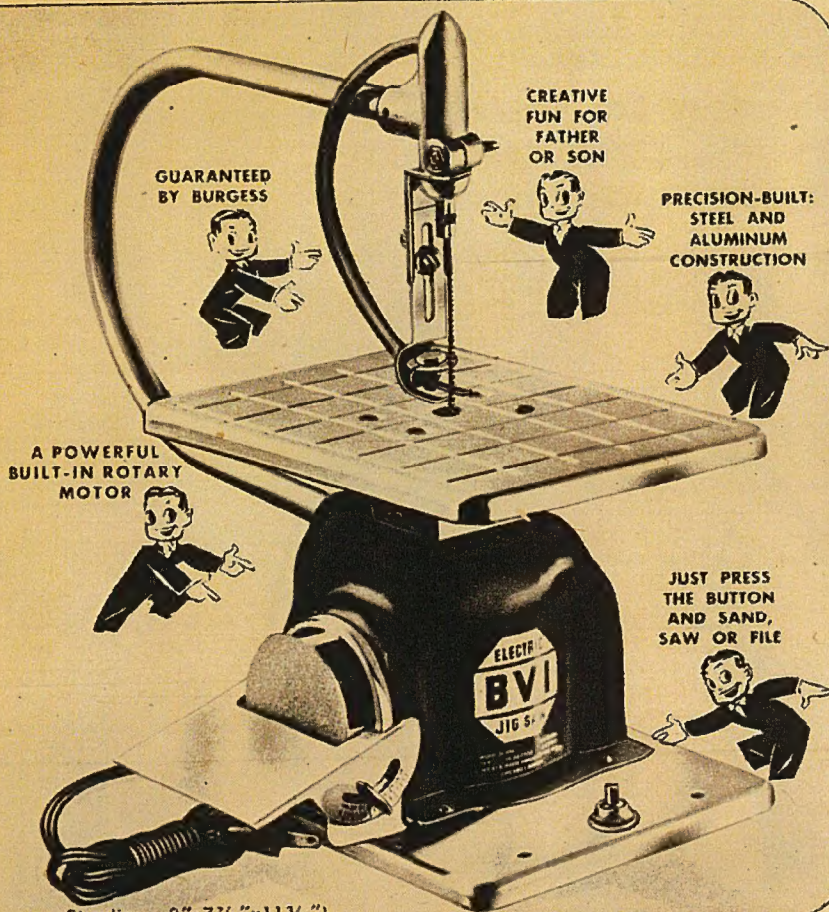
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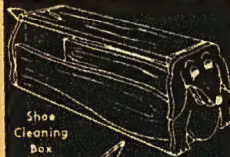
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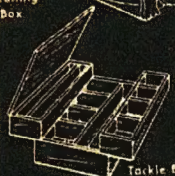


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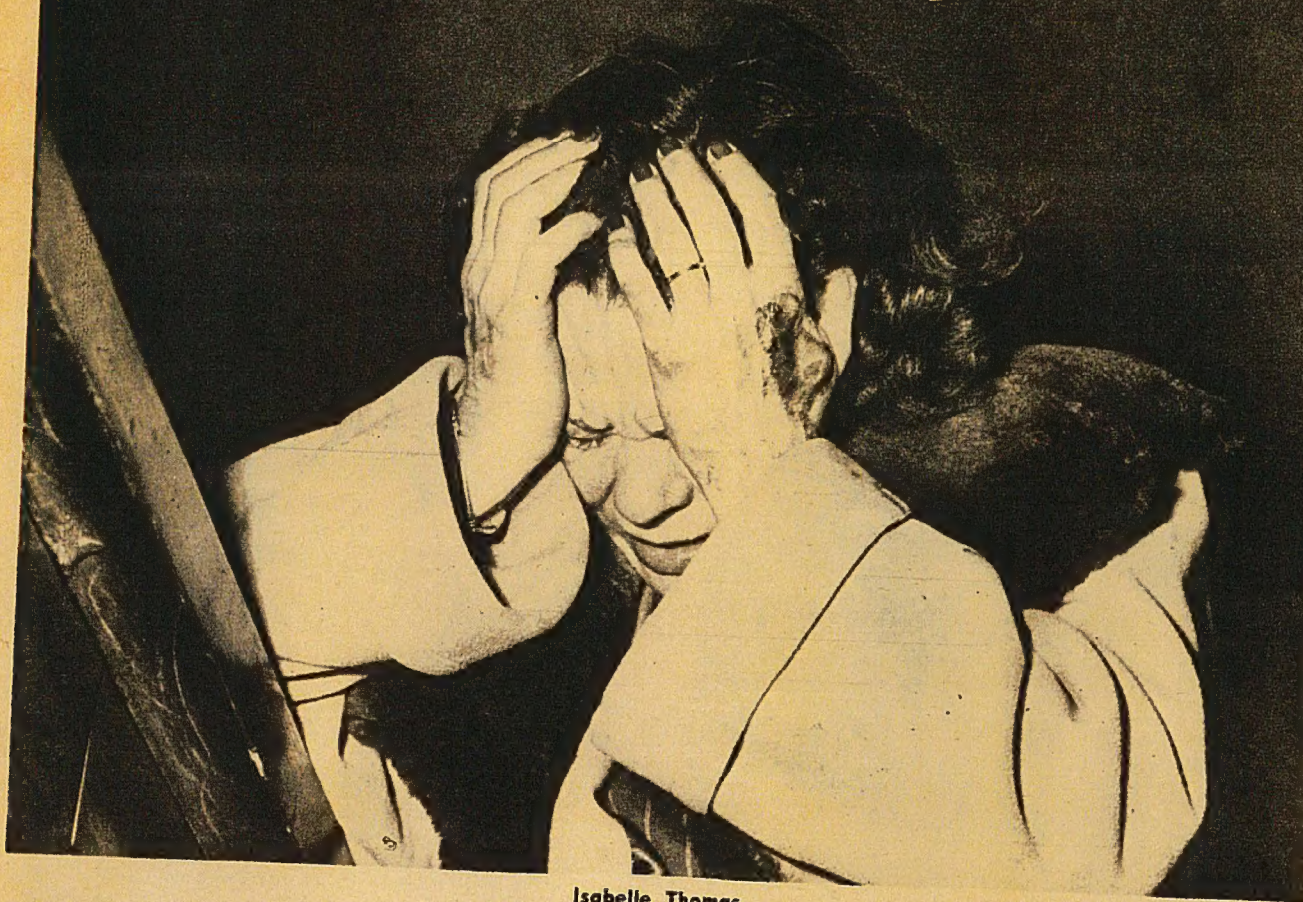
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"his blood is on my hands"



Isabelle Thomas

"Why did he dial Operator?"

By Martin Fiske

MARTIN JOHNSON never knew when he was well off. Like many another man who married young—he was 20 at the time—he nursed a deep resentment over the belief that early family responsibilities had cheated him of certain pleasures.

Tall, blond and handsome, Johnson at 27 was the father of two children. His wife, Norma Toni, 25, was slim, red-haired and attractive, but somehow she had lost the vibrant appeal for him that he had felt during their swift courtship and early marriage. Taking care of the children and doing all her own housework left Norma little time for herself. Their small income allowed her few new clothes and no visits to the beauty parlor.

The Johnsons quarreled frequently over money, for Martin never could earn enough to pay for the necessities and still be able to afford the other things they both wanted. Before they were married, and before the children came, they had gone out evenings drinking beer and dancing; but with

added expenses and rising prices, including the cost of a baby-sitter, they were deprived of these good times.

Martin changed jobs often, never seeming to get a better one, and September, 1948, found him driving a cab for a taxi company in downtown Los Angeles.

He worked nights and slept days, and grew increasingly irritable. Each morning at dawn he returned to their little home in suburban Burbank and went to bed as his wife and children were getting up. When Norma couldn't keep the kids quiet, he shouted from the bedroom that he was going to throw them all out.

More than ever, he felt that he was the victim of his family. Without them, he wouldn't have to work so hard and would be free to do as he pleased. His resentment grew and festered, and he and Norma became more distant.

About this time, Martin Johnson began to do several things which could only lead to trouble. He started

to drink heavily, bet on the horses and play around with other women. As a night cabbie in the pleasure-loving city of Los Angeles, he had plenty of opportunity.

Norma was quick to detect what was going on. Martin had less money for her household expenses, which he blamed on a drop in business. Day after day, he came home reeking of liquor and often hours late. For these lapses, his explanations were varied. Sometimes a well-heeled customer had insisted on treating him. On other occasions, the boys had talked him into a poker game at quitting time. Norma never believed any of his excuses.

In a city where pretty girls abound, where movie-struck young women from every state in the union are working as soda clerks, car-hops and waitresses, hoping to be "discovered," Martin Johnson might have picked himself a girl who was as good-looking and as young or younger than his wife.

But he did neither. Instead, he took up with a rather plain woman much older than Norma or himself. She was dark-haired Isabelle Vernal Thomas, 43, a widow and a recent grandmother.

Johnson fell in love with her voice. He heard it even before he met her, when she came to work as radio dispatcher for his taxi company. Their first flirtation began over the two-way radio in his cab. The vibrant words with which she gave routine orders had a special meaning for him.

"Twenty-eight, where are you? Over."

He picked up the transmitter with his right hand. He had just dropped a passenger and was alone in the cab.

"Figueroa and Temple, empty—darling!"

"Something for you here, lover. Come in. Over."

"Okay, sweetheart. Over and out."

Their conversations were heard, of course, by the other drivers. But they were used to the language of Hollywood, where everyone calls everyone else by endearing terms without the slightest significance. And Johnson was not the only company driver who flirted with Isabelle. But he was the only one who got to first base.

She was crazy about him, fully aware that he was married and had a family. Seated beside him in a cozy cocktail lounge during her midnight lunch hour, she had listened as he told her his troubles.

"Norma and I never were meant for each other," he said earnestly. "We were married too young, and we never should have had children. If it weren't for them, we wouldn't have stuck together this long."

"I know, lover," she agreed. "I've been through the same thing."

This was not entirely true. Isabelle Thomas herself had been married at 18 and had her first child a year later. But she had not been unhappy with her husband. She had felt his loss deeply when he died, after their children were grown.

Still hot-blooded and passionate, she was terribly lonely for a mate. Added to this was the fear of growing old, and in desperation she sought a younger man.

To her, Martin Johnson was a godsend. Whatever twinges of guilt she might have felt at taking another woman's husband was eased by her belief that Johnson would leave his wife sooner or later. It was only a matter of time, and she might as well take him before someone else did. With her maturity and understanding, she felt that she was the kind of woman he needed. She would never nag or scold, nor make demands.

Isabelle was the sort who would—and did—give everything for the man she loved. Her husband had left her a house and several thousand in cash. Soon after her affair with Johnson began, she started lending him money—small sums which he never repaid. But this she overlooked, knowing he was in debt and short of funds, because he spent most of it on her.

They met in September. By November they were spending much time together in her house on Portland Avenue. Thanksgiving Day, Johnson got drunk with her there and failed to go home for dinner.

Norma was in tears when he returned early next morning.

"I want a showdown!" she shouted at him in the kitchen. "There's another woman, and I want to know who she is!"

Martin sat at the table, staring blankly into a glass of beer he had poured for himself.

"You're right, Norma," he said thickly, still foggy from the night before. "I'm in love with Isabelle."

His wife was thunderstruck. "Isabelle!" she gasped. "Isabelle Thomas? That old hag down at the taxi office?"

Martin nodded and sipped his beer.

TELEVISION

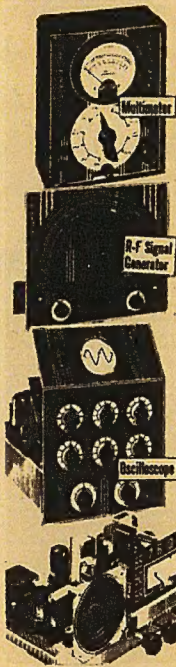
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"Well, you can have her!" Norma hurled a plate into the sink. "You pack your things and get out! I'm going to see a lawyer."

The children were out playing, and Johnson went silently to the bedroom for his clothes.

They did not speak again until he was leaving, a bag in each hand.

"You'd better leave me some money!" Norma snapped.

He put down the bags, reached deep into his pocket and slapped a wad of bills on the table. Then he started out the door.

"You can get in touch with me at the company," he called back. "Kiss the kids goodbye for me."

Johnson went straight to the house on Portland Avenue and told Isabelle what had happened, weeping on her shoulder.

"Don't feel bad about your children, honey," she said. "I'll make it up to you."

Isabelle Thomas was sure now that she had her man. While Johnson continued to live with her and drive his cab, she quit her job and stayed home to keep house for him.

Norma Johnson lost no time in filing suit for divorce. Her husband did not contest it. In January, she got her interlocutory decree in Los Angeles Superior Court, naming Isabelle Thomas as co-respondent. The decree would not be final for a year.

(Continued on page 63)

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on the record

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QUACK! QUACK!

It is many years since this happened, but I've never seen anything like it since. It happened in this city where I was born and where I still live, about the turn of the century. Those were the days when a dollar was still worth a dollar and when the quack doctors would sell their worthless cure-alls on the corner of Ninth and Market Streets. One day one of them was selling his potion. It was night-time. Suddenly he clapped his hands and announced he wouldn't sell another bottle—and he wouldn't either, because he wanted to prove he was a man of his word. He built up the audience's confidence in him by having a woman beg for some medicine and giving it to her free. Now came the payoff. He had the audience at such a feverish pitch of excitement that he was easily able to persuade 50 people to give him 50 cents apiece with no strings attached—to prove, as the doctor said, that they were good business people and trusted him. Each got a blank white ticket. Then, a little later, he gave each holder of a white ticket \$1! He kept this up, making the sum larger each time, till finally he'd got 50 people to put up \$2.50 apiece. Each of them got a blank red ticket and fully expected to get \$5 back. The next time he stopped the show he suddenly doused the lights and got away before anybody knew what happened. The victims finally decided they couldn't do a thing about it because the "Doc" made it perfectly clear that they were giving him the money as a present, without any strings attached.

—Robert Druhan, San Francisco, Cal.

100% AGREEMENT

Of all the stupid things there are to complain about, the worst is women police. Being a police officer is a man's job. If you let a woman do it, either she'll botch up the works, or else she'll become so tough, so like a man, that she'll lose all her feminine charm. Either result is harmful. My wife, God bless her, agrees with me 100 per cent and would no more think of becoming a police-woman than I would of becoming a ladies' hat designer.

—J. S. Lachute, New Orleans, La.

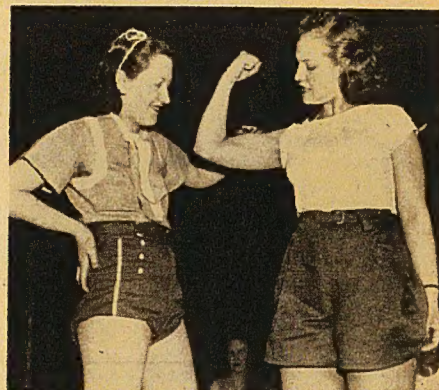
DOWN WITH MEN!

I have a very unusual proposal, but one which, I think, will lead to better law enforcement everywhere. My suggestion is merely this: instead of laying the emphasis on male personnel in police work, let the majority of police be women. Especially for detective work, they are much better able to deal with the situations which come up and which need more

intuition and hunchwork than any man ever had. They're better at handling people, too, and could stop riots and other disturbances before they ever started, instead of using present strongarm methods.

—Elsie Riemen, Seattle, Wash.

The question of women police has always raised a lot of controversy, and some people agree with neither of the viewpoints presented in the two fore-



Competent?—yes . . .



Glamorous?—that too.

going letters. In spite of their proverbial skill in handling people, policewomen still receive instruction in strongarm methods. Yet the lady officers do not lose their charm. Some are positively glamorous. Jeannette Baust, Los Angeles County deputy sheriff, for instance, is a living example of her contention that today's lady police are beautiful as well as competent. Everything considered, the present system seems to be a good one.

—Ed.

ON THE RECORD

CRIME AND JOBS

Does unemployment make criminals? Maybe. It may also be that so many unemployed are criminals because that's what they were before they stopped work, that a criminal never looks for a job in the first place. The latter is my guess. Anyway, what started me thinking on the subject at all was a story I read in the paper recently. An unemployed laborer was held on a charge of murder. Police accused him of drowning his 18-month-old son in the bathtub after drinking beer all week. To my mind this last shows there was something wrong somewhere. Maybe some people just have criminal tendencies.

—R. G. Lepro, Newark, N. J.



Jail for the jobless.

Jobless Thomas Farley of East Orange, N. J., was the man. Police said he also beat another, seven-year-old son, with a bat and that his wife, bruised and dazed, finally managed to break away and phone for help. Police say Farley told them he decided to kill his baby because he was afraid it would inherit his nervous condition.—Ed.

HERE'S THE ANSWER

I noted the letter in August INSIDE by S. Carolyn, about there being more murders (and suicides) in May than in December. I think I have the answer. When someone decides to do away with himself in December, he's quite likely to delay the actual deed because the Christmas and following New Year's festivities give him hope. Or perhaps he doesn't want to hurt his family and friends in the season of good cheer and good will. Again, if he's the type who hasn't got anyone, but likes to attract attention, holiday time is no good for him because nobody will notice his suicide. Now, May is just about the deadline for those who made the decision back in December.

There are no big holidays to steal the show. Someone who delayed the day till after the New Year and then thought things would turn out better has, by this time, become disillusioned again. Finally, for those who planned June weddings which fell through in the last few weeks, May is a natural for suicide.

—Cpl. Raymond L. Sargent, Berlin, Germany

INCOMPLETE ENDINGS

I am disgusted. Of the twelve stories in the August issue, seven were, in my opinion, incomplete. That is, convictions were not obtained. You never know what

juries will do. Sometimes what looks like a sure-fire case explodes in court.

—A. C. Jones, Ellensburg, Wash.

TRUE OR FALSE?

Many times my friends have questioned the truth of some of the stories and articles in your magazine. But I've always gone to bat for INSIDE and now I'm vindicated. Nobody doubts my word any more after the appearance of *Walk a Deadly Mile* in the August issue. I personally know most of the people who appear in the story. I formerly did police work myself.

—Russell R. Root, Mt. Morris, Mich.

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inside report

From Our
National
Correspondents



Alive, Harris was armed, dangerous—he died without a fight.



For men—tough going. For the dog—no scent.



Harris—his wife wounded, his daughter dead.

■ "YOU KEEP your dirty hands off my Lola." Those were the last words Bill Fansler ever said. In the next moment the man at whom he pointed an accusing finger, Harold W. Harris, went berserk, whipped out a pistol and shot Bill Fansler dead. Then he fired wildly about him, not caring whom he struck or why. Fansler's son, Homer, fell. The frightened wail of Harris's own 4-year-old Barbara was cut short by an angry shot. Flying bullets wounded Mrs. Fansler and her brother, Homer Nichols. That was how a two-day reign of terror in the Ozarks started. Harris was an ex-con, paroled a few months before, and had recently moved to the little mountain town of Eminence, Mo., with his family. He piled his wounded wife, his dead daughter and Homer Nichols' girl friend, Joyce Thomas, into his car and roared away. Before he covered a mile he crashed into a ditch. Neighborly farmers came over to help. A hail of shot thanked them for their pains and Harris, heavily armed, made his way on foot, and alone. Now he was a desperate fugitive. At gunpoint, he forced a farm couple to take him in their truck. As they sped through a roadblock a mad chase roared down the deserted highway. A quick turn into a country lane lost pursuing possemen and Harris fled into "The Wilderness"—a matted tangle of undergrowth and mountain forest. Harris seemed to be everywhere—and gone when the posse arrived. A bloodhound was brought in, but couldn't pick up the scent, so police decided not to chase uselessly through the woods where visibility was zero and the going tough. They surrounded the area and waited. Two days after the chase started, Deputy Sheriff Paul Frey lay in hiding, watching the road at the edge of the woods. A figure emerged. It was Harris! Frey shouted, "Halt—give yourself up!" Harris started running away, dragging the dead weight of his weapons, and Frey shot. The ex-con who'd been bothering his neighbor's 15-year-old daughter died—two rifles and a pistol lay unused beside him.

INSIDE REPORT

Cleveland, O.—Leo Green is dead because he liked a song too much and said "boo." Another man, Charles Nance, faces a long prison term as a result. Green and Nance were in a bar and they got into an argument after Green played the same song 20 times on the juke box. Nance pulled out a knife and said he would slit Green's throat if he even said boo. Green said boo. Nance slit his throat.

Chicago, Ill.—Warden Chester Fordney of the Cook County jail is a thorough man. He ordered an immediate investigation when an arsenal of weapons was found among the jail's most dangerous criminals. The unusual thing about his order was that it included lie-detector tests for the prison's 187 guards and employees, to find out if any of them had guilty knowledge. As *Inside Report* went to press, there was no word as to the results of the tests.

Vancouver, B. C.—Another murderer paid the final price for his crime when Frederick Roger Ducharme was hanged by the neck until dead. Four months previously "Red" Ducharme had been found guilty and was convicted of the strange murder of Ferne Blanche Fisher (see *A Killer is Loose Among Us*, July INSIDE). The 37-year-old millworker was chalk white when he was led to the scaffold and said nothing when the executioner placed the traditional black hood over his head. Watch these pages for more news of the final close of cases carried in INSIDE.

Galveston, Tex.—Here, too, a murderer has received the punishment he deserved. The trial of the *Killer from Mars* (April INSIDE) has ended in conviction for James Madison Turner. University student Turner was found guilty and sentenced to 30 years imprisonment for the robbery-murder of Marvin Clark, a Galveston grocery store owner.

West Los Angeles, Cal.—"She took every cent I had . . ." the dazed, befud-



A shot killed Loreen.

dled man spoke incoherently to police who questioned him. He was James H. Bernanding, 30, and police said he admitted killing pretty Mrs. Loreen Bateman. She was shot through the head. The accounts of his friends and of his employer filled in the gaps of a sordid, melancholy story. James, an ambulance driver, had known Mrs. Bateman for a year and loved her desperately, they said. She had expensive tastes and James was constantly plagued with bills. Until he met her, he had been a good worker, but in the past year his boss had to fire him three times. The last straw was a flashy yellow convertible that Loreen, married to a man serving time for automobile fraud, told Bernanding she wanted. He decided to make a clean break. He went over to give her a gun—for they had just moved to an apartment in a lonely section of town. After that, Bernanding said, he was going to rejoin the army. Police alleged that then, Bernanding admitted taking the gun and shooting the woman—"through one ear. I don't know what came over me." As James was led off to the police station to be held on suspicion of murder, a shiny new convertible, lonely and forlorn, stood parked outside the two-story apartment.

New York, N. Y.—If anybody deserved a vacation, it was hard working, conscientious Patrolman Alfredo Loreto who came from the Bronx and was a member of New York's finest. When he did get the vacation, he put on his bedroom slippers, sat back and relaxed and enjoyed his

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Cop killer suspect.

well-earned rest. But a police officer can no more take a real rest than a doctor can, or a minister. From his apartment window he saw two hoodlums attack his good neighbor, Ralph Sgueglia. Sgueglia was a meat market owner, and this was a holdup! Loreto jumped up and rushed out to the rescue—not bothering to change from the shirt, pants and slippers he was wearing. One of the holdup men whipped out a gun, a shot rang out and Patrolman Loreto was dead. Two suspects were seized, but they couldn't bring the heroic officer back to life, any more than could Sgueglia, who stood with bowed head and

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INSIDE REPORT

hat in hand, at his neighbor's funeral.

Fairfield, Ill.—In this part of the country the name Shelton is not an easy one to bear. Twenty-five years of bloody gang warfare have given it overtones of terror, treachery and death. Dalta Shelton was haunted by the name, weary of living in fear of unknown enemies apparently bent on exterminating his entire clan. Dalta's brothers—Big Carl and Bernie—led the infamous Shelton gang when it terrorized southern Illinois. Big Carl was slain in 1947 and Bernie was killed by a rifleman the same year. The killers were never found. The murders scared Dalta, but that was nothing to the way he felt when his brother Roy was killed this year. Roy, like Dalta, had never been connected with the gang. Dalta decided there was only one thing to do. He quietly sold his farm where he had built a reputation as an industrious farmer and cattle raiser, then vanished. He's living in some corner of the country now, under another name. But is he safe from the ghosts of the men his brothers murdered?

Los Angeles, Cal.—Betty Jean Smith, 7, is a little girl who gets curious once in a while. But she'll probably never get as curious again as she did the day she wanted to know what it was like inside the empty icebox in her home. By the time she was through, the police were involved. She crawled into the unused cooler, closed the door to make it darker, then found she was locked in! For five



Betty Jean was curious.

hours she sat in the cramped space—enough air got in to keep her conscious. Finally Sergeant Jess Haynes came strolling by. He heard the muffled cries and stopped off to investigate. What was happening in there? A case of cruelty? Everything turned out all right when Betty Jean told her story. "It was cool in there," she said, "even if there was no ice."

Beattyville, Ky.—Like Dalta Shelton, 43-year-old Claude Shanks had a chance to run away from his fate. But he didn't take it. Shanks waited 15 years and then

they came for him. He was picked up in this little town by three state detectives who charged him with violating his parole in 1935 from the Ohio state reformatory. Shanks, who had been sentenced to from ten to 25 years for robbery, looked at the detectives and said, "I knew it would come sooner or later." But what makes this story unusual? Just this: Claude Shanks was Beattyville's hard-working and admired police chief.

San Francisco, Cal.—Paul Tancous says he's really Prince Otto Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, but police of this city simply call him Phony Prince Otto. But



Prince or pauper?

whatever his title is, he's a smooth character. Otto was picked up on an auto theft charge, then released. Then he was held for illegal entrance to the country and sent to a hospital for mental observation. He escaped. Sometime later he was spotted in a church, giving an organ recital. (Worshippers said he played beautifully.) A cop was called and Otto proceeded to give him a big smile and a bigger line. He said he was the personal guest of the minister and not a wanted man. The cop fell for it. When someone finally put the officer wise to the fact that he'd been fooled, he returned to the church. But the prince was gone.

New York, N. Y.—One of the social problems man has been faced with since he set up housekeeping in a cave is how to make late-staying guests go home. From time to time people have come up with various solutions to the problem, ranging from polite mention of the late hour to falling asleep in your chair. But Fred Burton, 26, hit on a new one. When dawn came and his guests showed no signs of getting ready to go home, he pulled a gun and ordered them out! Police picked him up later that day for possessing a weapon without a license.

Seattle, Wash.—Frank Chitwood was a rodeo clown. His antics with a trained mule won him friends throughout the West. But he wasn't bent on amusing anyone when he came to a small farmhouse 18 miles south of this city. He came to kill, to get revenge on his estranged wife. He broke into the house and shot his baby daughter and his father-in-law, then wounded his wife, their 4-year-old son and his mother-in-law. Then Chit-

INSIDE REPORT

wood turned the .32-caliber pistol on himself. He was dead when police arrived.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Death in a farmhouse is no different than death in a fashionable hotel. It was close to midnight when Domenico Omogrosso, a night watchman at the plush Hotel Schenley in this city, stalked an unwary baker about to mix a batch of biscuits in the basement kitchen. He pulled a gun and emptied it at the baker, killing him instantly. Then he reloaded and ran upstairs, passing through the office of the assistant manager. He snapped three shots at the man, wounding him in the face, neck and shoulder. Omogrosso found his third victim in the lobby. He cut the night clerk down as he stood frozen with fear behind his desk. The night watchman meekly surrendered when the police arrived. Asked why he did it, Omogrosso said, "They cause me trouble. They always make faces. Make lots of smart remarks about me behind my face. I get even. I get even."

New York, N. Y.—We told you previously (*Inside Report*, September *INSIDE*) about the brilliant detective work that preceded the arrest of biochemist Harry Gold on charges of atomic spying. In spite of his arrest, the case is far from closed. As more spy suspects were held all over the country, Abraham Brothman



Did Miriam aid a spy?

and his secretary, Miriam Moskowitz, were picked up by the FBI and charged with trying to block justice—specifically, with concocting a fake story for Harry Gold, in order to hide his connection with Soviet contacts.

Atlanta, Ga.—If you ever receive a gelatin powder through the mail, think twice before you use it for dessert. This story will tell you why. Mrs. Agnes Azele Booth Platner mailed five envelopes of gelatin to families in Safety Harbor, Fla. The intended recipients weren't chosen at random. They were all people who signed a petition five years ago to have Mrs. Platner committed to a mental institution, from which she was recently released. Fortunately, the postmaster at Safety Harbor intercepted the envelopes and turned them over to the police. They turned out to be a nice mixture of gelatin and strychnine!

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HOOK and BULLET

By Edmund Gilligan



■ SOMEWHERE in the books of verses there lies an old English hunting song that asks, *What shall he have that killed the deer?* That's all I can remember of it. I don't dare look it up because I'm afraid the whole isn't as excellent as that one line. The question is interesting because it isn't always an easy one to answer. The law gives you an answer, the heart gives another—that is, if the heart is schooled at all in the laws of nature, which aren't on the books yet.

I lost a buck last winter who was a good friend of mine for some seasons past. I always liked him and I liked his kids, too. He isn't in my Catskill orchard tonight, as he was a year ago. The three trees I reserve for the herd will be shaken for the rotted apples to fall on winter nights, but he won't be there with his does and fawns to take their cider. Often enough, before moonrise, I've looked out my bedroom window to see those eyes, many pairs of them, rising and falling in the starlit gloom. His eyes were the largest. Once, in a tracking snow, my chum and I picked up a buck's trail. I went back on it far enough to see he had left my orchard and said, "We'll find another: It would be worse than baiting ducks to walk him down."

Now the Baldwins are tart and the big Wolf Rivers are pressing the boughs down. At midnight, the owl beyond Ram Kill hoots louder and louder—or seems to, anyway. My Catskill neighbors say the owl loudens as the snow comes on. It may be so. I heard him plain enough that winter evening when I went down to the Kill to watch the deer come out. Where the sumach lies thick and red on the hillside, I saw a red dog lying, close to a liver-and-white setter, on a sunned rock. They seemed sleepy. The snow was two feet deep and not yet strong enough to bear a dog.

About half past midnight, I awoke and sat up angrily because I had far to go in the morning with my Labrador, a year-old-dog I meant to show to a friend on the Beaverville. I say it was the owl that awakened me, for his call bowled under the snowy moon with the dramatic impact of a partridge drumming, a sound I don't hear too often nowadays. In the quiet of the main barn, I heard the Labrador whimper. A moment later, I knew something was wrong because the old beagle, Ambrose, came out of his snuggery and stood at the alert, reading the wind. I gave him a low whistle. He ran out a distance and began muttering to

himself. There then came a howl, not of complaint or misery, but of a certain fierce joy. I went to the western window and I saw the deer laboring up the ridge, the does awkward in the gait of uphill going. In that instant, I realized that the night was intensely cold, that a crust had been formed. The beagle advanced again. He trod lightly on snow where, in the morning, he had been half-hidden.

I went back to bed, quite sure that, after all, nothing really bad could happen because Ambrose hadn't barked. He doesn't bark easily at night. A shot in the dark or a blood flow will do it. He did bark, at last, and I rolled out again, this time ready to dress and put on the coffee, for I had far to go. The day-break had just struck the far side of the Wittenberg in a green flush and the morning star lay in the green tide where it flowed toward Mount Tobias. This about the star may not be quite so. Perhaps it's because I've seen it there so often, golden in the green, just as it floats perfect over the Grand Bank itself, candling it alone in the South of East. Between the crests of the mountains the daylight made an arch of green, and, while I gazed in usual

delight, a buck heaved through the snow and ran, outlined black against the glow. He was in agony. In front of him, the red dog galloped lightly on the crust, turning now and then to rip at the buck's throat. The liver-and-white bitch, almost on a level with the buck's haunch, threw herself so violently at him that he fell. Almost playfully, the dogs tore at him and romped away. When the buck plunged toward the barn, a third dog, a German shepherd, slashed at his throat. That was the end—the buck staggered, fell and died.

I knew I was too late, but I ran down the stairs and out to the barn to quiet the uproar. I cursed those dogs for my buck's sake, but they were gone.

The deer lay outside the barn and when I went to make sure he was dead, he quivered under my boot—but that was the last sign of life.

Then I returned to the kitchen and made ready to go. I intended to report the dogs to the warden. After a little while the two of them came scratching at my door. The bitch had been kicked in the ribs and the red one licked my hand when I gave her milk.

Then I saw they were just household pets and reflected they wouldn't know about the laws of nature or my buck. ■



His eyes were the largest of all.



TOO HOT TO HOLD

■ Captain Steve Muller of the Minneapolis Police Department was addressing a small group of reporters.

"I expect the Nixon case to blow wide open sometime within the next forty-eight hours. We know who the killer is now, and we know he's in this area."

"You're after Harry Pelsiger, the St. Paul racketeer aren't you?" asked Martin Reals, of the Great Lakes News Agency.

"Okay, you fellas have guessed it," Captain Muller replied. "But keep it under your hats until we get the guy. If Pelsiger finds out we know he's in town we might never catch him. You boys cooperate and we'll make it up to you with a story that'll stand Minneapolis on its head."

The metropolitan newspapers of that afternoon, November 30, 1949, carried no hint of the dragnet that was closing in on the killer. But a dozen major papers throughout the state heralded the news with eight-column headlines.

Martin Reals, the Great Lakes Agency reporter, had scooped every local competitor. It didn't matter to him that the killer had escaped. He was more interested in the \$500 bonus he got for his exclusive story.

Reals took a vacation that winter. When he returned the Nixon murder case was still very much alive. But by that time it was easy for him to get back into the good graces of Captain Muller.

When the Captain held his next off-the-record press conference Reals was invited along with the other reporters.

"I don't like to admit this," Captain Muller said, "but there's a chance we've been barking up the wrong tree all this time."

"This is off the cuff, you understand, and we're not yet sure of the facts. We just received a tip that the killer is a beautiful society dame who was secretly married to Nixon. She's Yvette Vedder. A niece of old Frank Vedder the oil-millionaire!"

As far as Reals was concerned, the Yvette Vedder story was just too hot to keep. It was worth the risk of losing all his police contacts. He rushed to a phone and dictated the news to an agency rewrite man.

When he returned to the agency a half hour later the bureau chief called him into his office.

"You're fired!" the chief said. "You may be a prima donna around here, but you're fired!"

Reals opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. The chief roared on:

"You musta' been nuts to have sent in that Yvette story when every paper in town is rushing into print with the news of Harry Pelsiger's capture! I suppose you thought it was a joke. Or maybe you didn't know that Yvette Vedder has been dead for ten years! That she was a famous lady wrestler!"

So that's how the captain squared accounts. A phony story, but Reals didn't know it. All he knew was that it was too hot to hold.

—I. M. MOSKOWITZ



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ONE-WAY TO HELL



Mother and child; dope has torn her from his side.



Opium: stored in Turkey, destination—?



Dancer Evans, actress Leeds: after a raid.



Without her shot, addict collapses.

BY PHIL DORF

The dope addict,
they say, has
the monkey on
his back—and
he hasn't very
long to live!

IT WAS THE BASEMENT of a rooming house. All the windows and doors were sealed shut with cotton wadding so that the place was stiflingly hot. But that didn't bother the small group that had gathered in this cellar den on the outskirts of Newark, N. J. Nothing could bother them.

The oldest was a 21-year-old boy with handsome features, black curly hair and a petulant twist to his mouth. The others were high school kids, none over 17. One was a girl. Dressed in a short checkered skirt, blue and white basque shirt and scuffed red loafers, she lay on her back on a battered daybed, her legs drawn up, her eyes fixed dreamily on the dirty ceiling.

Though her careless posture had bared her thighs, she attracted no attention. The boys in the den were smoking, each oblivious of the others, and on their faces the expressions were alike: an odd combination of sensuality and stupidity that added up to an indecent kind of joy.

The air was heavy with smoke—and the sweet scent of marijuana.

This little group had been recruited at school. The black-haired fellow had handled the job. He had started with Susan Tait. He had picked her out for three reasons. For one thing, a 15-year-old is more impressed by the attentions of a 21-year-old boy than an older girl would be; for another, Susan's family was wealthy enough to make her worth cultivating; and for a third, she was blossoming into a beauty, so that in conquering her he'd get more than money out of it.

Make no mistake about it, though—money

was at the heart of the matter. This was business, big business, and black-haired Ken Carpenter considered himself a salesman with a territory to cover. His boss, however, contemptuously referred to him, and the others like him, as a "pusher," the guy who actually peddles the dope on a straight commission basis.

Carpenter got up from his chair. "Listen," he told the others in the cellar den, "I got something new. These sticks are getting awful tame. A guy hardly gets a jolt from the stuff! I've got a couple of capsules of heroin—anybody got enough guts to try it?"

Susan swung off the daybed, eyes feverishly bright. "I go first," she insisted. "I hit the reeferers first, didn't I, honey? So give me the heroin first, huh?"

"Sure thing, Susie," said Carpenter, "but you know I don't get the stuff for free."

The girl gestured in annoyance. "Have I ever tried bumming any sticks from you? Give me the heroin—you don't have to worry about my paying up!"

"I just wanted to get the record straight," Carpenter replied with a grin. "Anyway, Susie, this shot is on the house, same as the first reefer was."

"How do I take it?" she asked.

Curious, the other boys gathered around to watch.

"Sniffing the stuff is a waste," Carpenter said. "I've got a needle for you—the only question is whether you want a skin-shot or a jab-off."

"What's the diff?"

"In a skin-shot, the jolt takes longer hit-

ting you and the wallop's not so rough. The jab-off is hell on wheels! You shoot the jolt into a vein and it explodes in your skull in less than a minute!"

Susan took a deep breath. "Make it a jab-off."

Carpenter hesitated. He'd built everything up to the point where these kids would take a shot of heroin. The reefers were a come-on; they didn't form a habit, and at three for a buck, a fellow would never get rich selling them. But heroin was something else. If he hooked them with that, they'd never get away. The trouble was that a "main line" injection of the stuff would be wicked. For old-timers, okay; but for this cute hunk of fluff, maybe not.

Intuitively, the girl spoke up before he could object. "Kenny, I want a jab-off."

He shrugged and smiled at her. "Okay, Susie."

Carpenter took a hypodermic needle out of a little bag he'd brought along. In his other hand he held a small capsule which he pierced with the needle. Slowly he drew up on the plunger, sucking in the heroin. Next he placed a loop of cord around Susan's smooth-skinned arm. Then he tightened it to cut off the flow of blood. Gradually the veins on the girl's arm began to stand out. He waited until a vein emerged, distended, just below the elbow. Expertly Carpenter jabbed the needle directly into the vein, pressed the plunger and shot the jolt home.

Susan winced with pain. Eyes closed, lip bitten by small white teeth, her pale face was suddenly that of a young girl, very much frightened and alone. But in

a moment that passed. The drug, carried to heart and brain by the blood, erupted and poured its molten ecstasy throughout her body, bathing her with sensual well-being, granting her a phenomenal clarity of mind that transported her into another world, another universe. She cried out with exultation as she found herself unlimited by time or distance—a minute seemed like an hour, and she felt as though she could reach out and touch a star.

What Susan Tait touched was the very bottom of sordidness and depravity. She is now 17. She is a thief, a prostitute, a model for lewd photographs. She is a fugitive from the law. What is even more terrible, she will probably be dead within ten years—for not one in a hundred can be cured, and heroin is the deadliest poison of the lot.

How did it happen that this girl, an outstanding student at high school and the daughter of respected middle-class parents, could in two years put her body on the auction block and corrode her brain with heroin?

It was no accident. It was business. Dope dealers in the United States rake in \$400,000 a day—and they're the slickest operators of all, utilizing every trick of the trade that other legitimate businessmen have perfected. Their current stunt is the slimiest of any ever attempted by organized gangsters: *to plant the dope habit among school kids and in that way get customers for life!*

This vicious campaign is proceeding methodically across the country, making the most of super-salesmanship. As Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois, made clear to the Chicago Crime Prevention Bureau, the latest technique is to use a free sample as bait. Dope peddlers loiter around the high school, pass out free reefers, and in short order a "steady clientele" is built up. Susan was snared that way. From two or three sticks of marijuana a day she progressed to "weed parties" and then to heroin. It might have been morphine or cocaine, but the effect would have been the same—to shackle the girl with a desperate need for a drug. For dope is like an octopus, and once it grabs hold with a single tentacle, it can add more at leisure until finally the victim is powerless and the octopus is in control.

The octopus of heroin wrapped itself around Susan. Carpenter, selling the capsules at two dollars apiece—with 75 cents as his cut—could be sure of five to ten a day to Susan, and the same number to the other luckless boys. But Susan and the boys were driven to the wall to get the money they needed. They went without lunches, saved their carfare and stopped dating—but an allowance couldn't cover the high cost of heroin.

And still they had to have the stuff. They couldn't stop. Without their customary dose, they grew frantic. They couldn't eat. In a few hours, their bodies throbbed with pains that constantly grew worse. The agony grew unendurable.

In this state, they were known to other addicts as "panic men."

Somehow or (Continued on page 36)



The charge: possession of the joy weed.



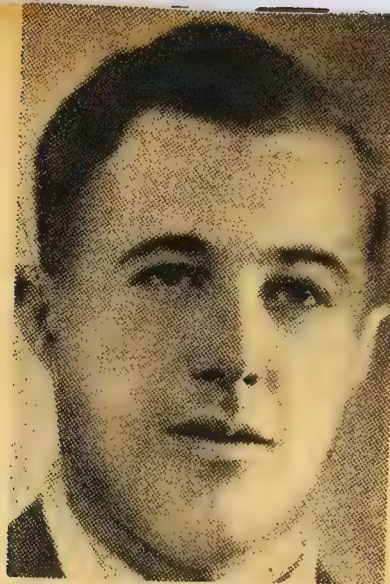
Chances of a cure: one out of a hundred.

STUNNED BY THE ENORMITY

OF THE CRIME, MOOSE JAW WAS

WILLING TO ACCEPT

A SUSPECT'S SELF-ANALYSIS . . .



Vince Hartel

Opened a partnership with death.

"I'M NO DAMN GOOD"

By Sam Cohen



Suspect

"You've got to protect me."

THE BUS WHEEZED asthmatically down the center of the street, then swung clumsily to the curb and stopped. The driver kept his eyes down. Four pairs of feet were crowding the steps, all women. Red Pumps was first. She had a run in her stocking from the vamp of her shoe to the peak of her instep. Pushed her toe through, the driver decided. He heard her coins clink in the box. Thick Ankles was next and then Black Shoes. He knew who that was. Old Mrs. Squoddy. She always got on at this stop; every day, same time. "I need change, Tom. Shopping ate up all my small stuff."

Tom Grant took the bill she held, folded it expertly with his left hand and punched out dimes and quarters with his right. He kept his face averted, dropped the coins into her outstretched palm. She singled out the proper one, then leaned down close to Tom. "Awful, wasn't it? Awful."

Tom took a deep breath and worked his shoulders under the soft leather of his jacket. "Yeah," he said. "Jesus, yes." He still couldn't raise his eyes, but he swung his head away from the door and studied the aisle that ran to the rear of the bus. His face was beginning to get hot and he wished that last passenger would straighten out her bundles and get the hell on board. Once the bus was underway, he wouldn't have to talk.

"There's a woman mixed up in this someplace. You wait, Tom. There's a woman." Mrs. Squoddy's gloved finger was as hard and as sharp as a stick. He could feel its sharpness right through his jacket.

"Yeah. Yeah. Mehbe you're right." The last passenger paid her fare and Tom shoved the door lever viciously.

"I'm right, Tom. I know I'm right. And I'll bet you know even better than

I do." She laughed, but it had a harsh, dry sound. Then she remembered she was speaking of the dead and she straightened her face quickly. "It was terrible," she said solemnly. "Just terrible. And right here in Moose Jaw."

He inched the bus away from the curb and pulled back into the center of the street. This was Tom's first run since the news came out and he didn't know quite how to act. He didn't know whether to look sad or stern; whether to be talkative or restrained. And he wished people would leave him alone until he could make up his mind. After all, he had been Vince's best friend. It was all right for other folks to click their tongues and wag their heads and say: "Isn't it terrible?" But Tom Grant had to take a stand.

This was Tuesday, April 25. Vince's body was found late Monday afternoon and his car Monday night. The story had come out piecemeal, by word of mouth and embroidered with every telling. But there wasn't an imagination in the whole of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, that could dream up a more horrible death than the one that had come to Wenzel Vince Hartel, and by mid-morning the facts were straight and the Canadian town was parent to one of the most heinous crimes on record.

Hartel's body was sighted at the intersection of two seldom-used country roads, six miles south of town, by a cattle buyer who was on his way to the Stu Sharfe farm.

The body lay face down and the upper part of it was so badly charred that it was unrecognizable. Police had even put off positive identification for a day because of the partial cremation. The grass on the roadway was singed and some of Hartel's clothing was burned off. The mounties had found a (Continued on page 38)

NEVER GIVE UP

By Geoffrey North



Roberta Rinearson: victim

AROUND MID-MORNING, Ories came in jauntily out of the rain, grinning and nodding. Nobody could swerve Carlos Huberto Ories, a man of character, once he'd made up his mind. He trooped toward the desk, trim and sleek, an olive-skinned fashion plate in peagreen topcoat, spats to match and rakish fawn Stetson.

He came up to Neely, offered a ringed hand.

"What's your problem, Hot Shot?" asked the sergeant.

Ories bowed. "Are you the officer in charge?"

"You tabbed me."

"Excellent, captain. Sir, today is your red-letter day. Circle it on your calendar, January 10, 1949. Here I am all wrapped up in cellophane. I'm here to confess and give myself up."

"Yeah, whose cookie jar you been into?"

Ories' black eyes glittered. "You won't take me seriously! They want me in Illinois, in Cook County."

"Who wants you?"

"The cops, everybody, the whole world wants me! You heard about Roberta Rinearson, the ten-year-old girl that was murdered the night of Friday, December 17?"

"What about her?"

"You're looking at the man who did it."

Neely opened a drawer, keeping his gun in sight, as he pressed a buzzer. A cop barged through. "Pat, this man wants to talk. He's a killer, says he."

The bluecoat yawned, flipped his memo. "Let's hear it, buddy. Don't skip anything."

The visitor slapped some papers on the desk. "Here's my name, Ories. That's it. I live here in Hammond, Indiana, and I'm telling you this freely of my own will."

What Ories had to say became the topic of conversation at the Brookfield Station squad room, in Cook County. Everybody there was in shirt sleeves except the big fellow, State's Attorney Boyle. He sat alone, feet hiked on a table, hat cocked back from his broad face, a yellow sheet slapped against his knee, doodling away with a pencil stub.

On the other side of the room, standing in front of a large pin-studded map of

the Chicago area, were Captain Dan Gilbert of the Cook County Police and the Du Page County sheriff, Elmer Hoffman. Boyle was their superior and they respected his legal savvy.

Gilbert strode across the room. "Mr. Boyle, what do you think of this man Ories? This fellow down in Hammond, who's confessed? It could be our big break."

Boyle concentrated on his pencil work. "I haven't seen the man, but from what I've heard, he doesn't fit into my picture of Roberta Rinearson's killer."

"You mean you've framed a picture of the murderer in your mind?" asked Gilbert in amazement.

Boyle grinned, slapped the foolscap on his knee. "And put it down—in a tentative way, mind you. Sketching it in as we go along." He turned the paper over. "Before I show it to you, let's review the facts."

"Here's what we know: December 17, three weeks ago, this 10-year-old girl Roberta Rinearson, living in the small community of Hollywood, leaves her home at 6 P.M. to attend the Park movie in La Grange. According to her grandmother, she's never gone out alone in the evening before. However, she's been repeatedly warned by the old woman and by her two elder sisters never to talk to strangers."

"We know from the bus driver that she alighted safely a block away from the movie, around 7 P.M. That was the last time anybody could remember actually seeing her alive. They find her later, 3:15 Sunday morning, dead in a ditch up in the opposite corner of the county. She'd been beaten, raped, gagged with her own panties, and strangled. Fresh, distinct tire impressions in the swampy terrain nearby show evidence that the driver of the car, the abductor and killer, was both an expert at the wheel and familiar with the land."

Those were the facts. The rest was conjecture—and they had it all in the files. There was, for instance, the bartender, who reported later that he'd seen a young girl who "maybe looked like Roberta's picture," drinking with a man in the tavern where he worked that night.



State's Attorney Boyle

3000 SUSPECTS FROM EVERY STATE IN

THE UNION. BUT THE ATTORNEY KNEW HOW THE

KILLER WOULD LOOK - HE WAITED.

He'd served her a coke, the man drank beer. An undistinguished fellow, roughly dressed. The barman couldn't remember the color of his eyes or hair. About average height, he was, average weight, too, and he and the girl were chatting away amiably.

Then there was the La Grange woman who had asserted that she had seen a girl, a slender blonde girl who looked like "Roberta's picture that was in the paper," conversing with a man in front of the Park Theatre. "A homely man, kind of tall, and he had a big nose."

Finally there was this middle-aged, respectable-looking man who had chatted with Roberta on a bus some days previous to the tragedy. Roberta had told her grandmother about him, how kind he'd been and how he'd remarked he would "like to have a daughter like you."

And that was all, apart from the more than 100 suspects who'd been picked up and grilled, the majority sexual psychopaths with records of past offenses, but who had been absolved of any connection in the crime.

Killer in Pencil

So they summed it up and Gilbert said, "Now, chief, can I have a look-see?"

Boyle handed over the foolscap. There was a pencil sketch on it of a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow in mackinaw, and yanked-down hat. The sort of husky who drives a truck or rolls steel and is handy with his fists in a free-for-all. The queer thing about it was that no facial features had been drawn in, only the big, egg shaped outline of the head between the hat and turned-up collar.

"That's him," said Boyle. "As far as it goes now, that's him. A guy that knows his way around the neighborhood, and knows Roberta's family, their habits. That means he doesn't live too far from her home." He picked up his stub. "And maybe now, after I've mulled it over, we might add some sort of distinguishing mark to his phiz." He started in pencilling.

"A fellow like that," he said as he sketched a nose, "a big-nosed fellow, maybe, a fist-fighter he'd go on sprees. he's be bound to (Continued on page 67)



Suspect (left). He carried a feather.



Max Keller

He wanted a housekeeper, got a wife.



Eva Keller

Specialties: apple pie and men.

an Apple for Eva

PASSION AFLAME WAS ONE THING, BUT A HOUSE WAS ANOTHER MATTER—AND SO WAS MURDER

By Barnaby Frame

PEOPLE COLLECT the queerest things: sea shells, traffic tickets, matchbook covers. With Eva, big-bosomed, hippy, Vienna-born Eva, it was husbands.

Her first, a Czech, conveniently expired on a World War battlefield as she planned a divorce. Her second, a German "von," succumbed in Florida under rather curious circumstances. The fate of No. 3, a Swiss, was as crystal clear as an Alpine dawn. He had been shot to death, the only mystery being: Who killed him? Unique in the international altar parade was the position of No. 4, lucky fellow! An American, this patently durable gentleman remains alive and in enviable health; indeed, he is still her mate. There was talk, believed 99 percent true, that other spouses decorated her past. True or not, the ample Eva quite evidently had what it takes . . . and she usually took!

But acquiring marriage partners was not the lady's only pleasure. She was a great hoarder of fine silver, expensive linens and the most inconceivable junk. Dresden china or space-cluttering gewgaws—once hers, it couldn't be had for love or money.

It was this passion for accumulation that was to match her with the law in an unbelievable game of wits in which, during August, 1950, she was to come off second best.

This chronicle of an extraordinary female properly begins with the fadeout of a man, in this instance the Swiss—No. 3—who was Maximilian E. Keller. To say that in all Christendom there never existed a more dissimilar pair than Max and Eva is twaddle, but as a matter of fact any similarity between them was strictly accidental. A thin, stooped man of average height, his dark brown hair tumbling constantly into thought-crinkled eyes, Max had come to Los Angeles and pyramided ambition and know-how into a going concern. He was a food products manufacturer.

Eva, born Marie Evelyn Penitzka, had meanwhile arrived in Los Angeles from Florida. This was in 1925, and already behind her, at the age of 26, were two known husbands and an unestablished number of others. An ad appearing in a Los Angeles newspaper caught her roving eye: "Bachelor requires housekeeper. Applicant must be neat, capable, attentive to work."

Eva was this and more—and she knew a thing or two about bachelors. She donned her most insidious frock, a clutching black silk affair with a neckline out of this world, and clacked forth on high heels for the interview.

The prospective employer was Max Keller, then 33. There is no record that Max was impressed by the pulse-bouncing attire of his curvaceous applicant. Immersed in business, he saw only a blue-eyed, brown-haired, attractive young woman (Eva had not yet begun to bulge all over) who would do as his housekeeper; she talked well, seemed intelligent.

Max said: "I suppose you have a place where you live. I only require your services days."

"But won't I live at your house?" Eva complained, pouting. "Look . . . I've come prepared." From a paper sack she withdrew a shockingly flimsy nightgown and dangled it before his eyes. "Isn't it lovely?" she asked with demure innocence. "I adore sleeping in things like this!"

"Yes . . . yes!" gulped the startled Max. "But you see, I—I have only one bedroom."

"Oh, please don't apologize, Mr. Keller. It won't inconvenience me in the least!"

Eva went to work as housekeeper but she did not share her employer's bed . . . not immediately, that is. However,

Max was a lonely if busy man and Eva a woman of vast resourcefulness. A few weeks after starting on her job she made the grade: Max married her. It was not a good marriage, as events were to prove, but with the unfolding years, Max prospered. He bought a big town house at 421 West Ramona Avenue, in the Wilmar section of Los Angeles, and a \$17,000 mountain lodge at Crestline, in the San Bernardino Mountains. He gave Eva anything she wanted, but her greed ran riot and in too many ways living with her was unbearable. The inevitable moment came: they separated, Max continuing to live in the big house on Ramona and Eva moving into the beautiful Crestline lodge, 73 miles away.

This was the situation, in general, on the day Max Keller, graying and 55, was found mysteriously murdered. . . .

It was at 10:30 Saturday morning, Jan. 25, 1947, that the slaying was discovered. Disturbed that they had not seen Max since the evening of the 23rd—Thursday—and fearing he might be ill, Arthur E. Ellsworth, who lived at 410 West Ramona, and Mrs. Hazel Zinnen, of No. 417, determined to check.

There was no answer to their ring and both front and rear doors were locked. Ellsworth removed a kitchen window screen and let himself into the big, echoing house. On



Prisoner Keller

"You can't keep me here.
I'm innocent."

the floor of the den, lying on his back and fully clad, was Max, the blood-caked form stiff with rigor mortis. White-faced, Ellsworth stared down at the body of his friend. A bullet had drilled through the gray striped shirt into the right chest. To the left of the jaunty silk tie a second slug had torn into the throat. This wasn't suicide; no gun was visible. Even as Ellsworth turned to the phone, he was telling himself that Max must have died quickly, and without pain.

Murder carries an impact wherever it strikes; but its maximum effect is generated on a sun-splashed, lazy midmorning, in a pleasant, dignified street where little ever occurs to alter the familiar patterns of living. Word of Max Keller's

shocking death leaped from lawn to lawn along West Ramona Avenue, outracing even the fast radio cars of the Los Angeles County sheriff's office. A murmuring mass of onlookers greeted the arriving investigators, splitting meekly in two as the big, stony-eyed men shouldered briskly up the walk.

Max had been dead for quite a period, the coroner's man reported—about 36 hours. This established the time of the crime at around 10:30 Thursday night, or a few hours after Ellsworth and Mrs. Zinnen had last seen him. But what was the motive? The tastefully-furnished home, impressively designed about a huge rumpus-room fireplace, gave no indication of having been ransacked. And Max

himself, according to Ellsworth and Mrs. Zinnen, was as kindly an individual as one could find; certainly he hadn't an enemy anywhere.

Deputies Joe Denis and Lyle E. Case, both detective sergeants in the sheriff's homicide bureau downtown, faced still another puzzler. How had the killer gained entrance? Front and rear doors were fitted with spring locks and except for the window screen Ellsworth had removed, no irregularity was observable. There was a further interesting detail: no lights remained burning, although Keller had been slain at night. The killer, then, might have struck in the dark and, if so, was familiar with the house.

With photographers and print men working about them, the deputies examined the rigid form. There were no exit wounds; the slugs were still inside the body and would establish the type and size of weapon used. The pockets of the dark trousers contained a few coins and some business cards. The rear pocket was empty, but its worn, belled appearance suggested that Max normally carried his wallet there. Perhaps this was the murderer's target.

While Denis and Case rifled through Keller's cluttered desk, other deputies—Detective Sergeants Walker (Tex) Hannon, Ray Hopkinson and E. C. Teel—were outside, canvassing the crowd. The coroner's man had hit the time of murder almost on the nose. A neighbor, Mrs. Naomi House, stated she and her husband had heard two or three sharp explosions at 10 P.M. Thursday, but ascribed them to backfire. Another, Walter Schmerberg, Jr., declared that while walking his dog at 10:30 the same night he observed a candle or flashlight beam inside the darkened Keller place.

George Vokos, operator of a nearby service station, verified that Max had had the missing wallet early Thursday evening when he stopped in for gasoline en route home. Vokos said the billfold, of distinctively embossed leather, was crammed with currency of large denomination.

Tidbits of neighborhood gossip regarding Max's estranged wife, Eva, however, interested the deputies most. For instance, there was a story of a mysterious attempt on Keller's life New Year's Day, after which he had informed the police that he believed Eva was responsible. There was talk also that Eva's Cadillac sedan had been seen frequently in the area, and that as late as January 15 or 16 she had been observed after dark, stealthily walking out of the driveway of the Keller home.

One neighbor woman was convinced Eva killed Max.

"Max told me his wife threatened to 'get him,'" the neighbor said. "She also warned if he divorced her she would take every penny he had. He was afraid of her. They separated last month, you know, and Eva was supposed to stay at their lodge in Crestline. But Max discovered personal belongings missing from the house here and changed the locks. Things continued disappearing and he was certain Eva had keys made. The woman's a she-devil."

"Did Eva have a gun?" Sergeant Hannon asked.

"I couldn't (Continued on page 40)



Victim Keller
But where was the gun?



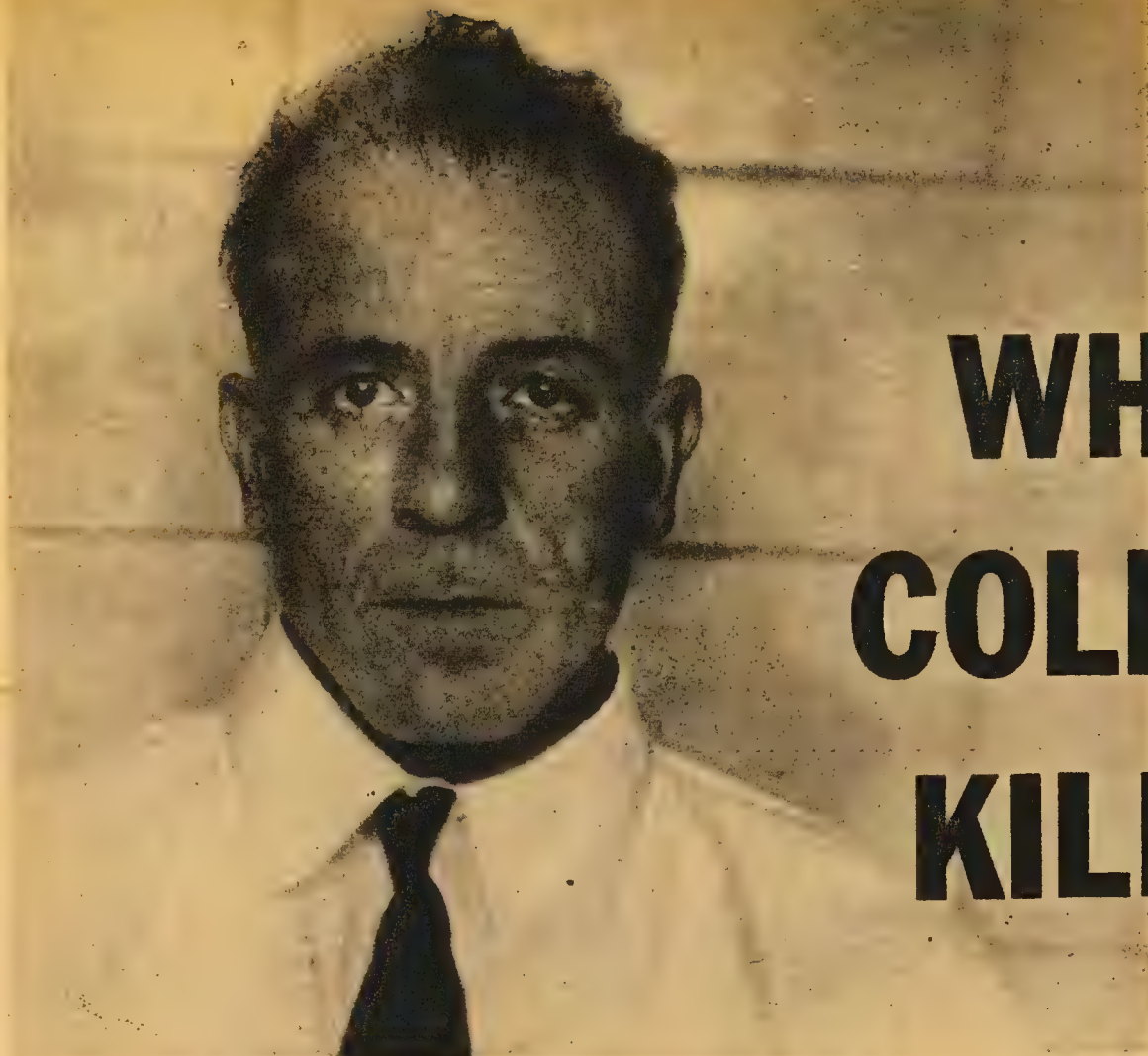
The dark house
Great place for a weekend

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WHITE COLLAR KILLER

By John V.
TenEyk

Arsonist-Killer Had one request for meeting his Maker.

New Boots and Four Bags of Flour, But No Bill of Sale for Proof

DARK, TREE-TOPPED hills made a vague horizon against the moonless sky, and the flatlands below were black. Midnight was only 30 minutes away. The skinny spire of a country church pricked at the twinkling stars; it was the only indication that people lived in the valley.

Suddenly, against this Stygian backdrop, a tiny flicker of flame appeared. For a moment it was only a pinpoint of light, fighting for its life against a gentle breeze. It nibbled along the edge of a match, dropped by trembling fingers, then reached out greedily in its bed of pine needles. Growing rapidly, it licked at the dry sheathing of a squat, three-room frame house, climbed slowly up the side of the wall and cast a faint glow over the nearby trees. When it reached the roof its contented murmur became a hissing, crackling roar. The valley and sky turned crimson.

It ate through the front wall of the flimsy house and fingers of flame poked their way inside. The living-room curtains disappeared in a flash and across the room a worn sofa and overstuffed chair began to smoke. The fire bit into the dry wood flooring, then began to creep across the worn blue rug. When it came to the body of a woman sprawled on her face on the carpet it licked gingerly at the soles of her shoes. It ran up along her legs and

leaped into the air as it reached her dress. Her hair went in a puff. The flames moved on, leaving a blackening hulk of sizzling flesh.

When it came to the man it bit at the outstretched fingers. The arm jerked. There was the start of a high-pitched scream, then the wall of fire roared on to engulf the room.

It was the night of January 19, 1950. The small Sevier home was isolated from its neighbors in the Poplar Grove community of Knox County, Ky. It collapsed into a blazing heap before the first of them reached the scene. A dozen of the farm folk, in varying night attire, stood as close as the heat would allow and peered into the flames.

"There's a body," an elderly man cried, and pointed. With his other hand he excitedly scratched at the seat of his long cotton underwear. "Over there," he hollered, and began to run back and forth.

"It's Ethel!" a woman screamed. She started to cry and two or three of her neighbors joined her. Encouraged, she set up a wail. The rear wall fell with a muffled roar and a shower of sparks leaped into the sky. The watchers moved back. Their faces were ruddy in the firelight, their eyes bulging, their mouths slack with excitement and horror. Several, making (Continued on page 58)

CASE OF THE UPSTAIRS CORPSE

by David George

THE HOUSE WAS QUIET when silver-haired Edward Page stepped inside, closing the door against a cold March wind. He sighed with pleasure. Weston, Mass., was a quiet community, and his was a quiet home—a man of 77 appreciated such simple peacefulness.

Page, a retired merchant and a widower, doffed his overcoat and, rubbing his bony hands together briskly, headed for the kitchen. After his morning constitutional, he felt like having a snack, washed down with a glass of cider.

As he sat there, sipping the cider, he realized that the house was unusually quiet. Nothing surprising about that—Amy Roberts, his middle-aged housekeeper, was in the village shopping, Harold, his only son, was in Boston on business, and his daughter Mabel was no doubt in her bedroom. All the same, the unbroken stillness got on his nerves.

He walked into the living room where, just before he went for his stroll, Amy had been sewing. Her needlework basket stood on the table next to her empty chair. Edward Page sat down in a high-backed rocker and picked up the book he was reading. But finally the silence sounded louder than a thunderstorm would have, and he went to the staircase.

"Mabel?" he called.

There was no reply.

Fearful that the girl might be ill, Page ascended the stairs as rapidly as he dared with his bad heart. At the end of the hall, the door to Mabel's room stood ajar. He stopped abruptly at the threshold and clutched the woodwork for support.

The body of his dark-haired daughter lay on the floor beside the bed, her black taffeta dress neatly arranged and her slim hands carefully crossed over her bosom. Except for the unnatural stillness of her voluptuous figure, she might have been asleep. But her large brown eyes were opened wide, staring fixedly at the ceiling.

Page entered the room and stooped to feel the girl's

pulse. Failing to find it, he let go her arm and it fell limply back to the floor.

Tears sprang from his eyes as he tugged to loosen the high ruffled collar of his daughter's dress. He pulled his hand away quickly and stared at his fingers, stained with blood.

Sobbing now, Page tore open the collar, baring a jagged wound across the base of the girl's throat.

An ugly word stabbed his consciousness—suicide! But why? What young woman had more to live for?

Sick at heart, the father staggered back from the bed. For some days past, it was true, Mabel had been strangely morose. Almost instinctively he stared around the room, seeking the weapon she had used. He found none, but on the carpet three yards from the body he discovered a small slip of paper bearing the name "Gerald Spade" and an address on Beacon Street, Boston, written in long-hand with blue ink. He could not recognize the back-handed writing.

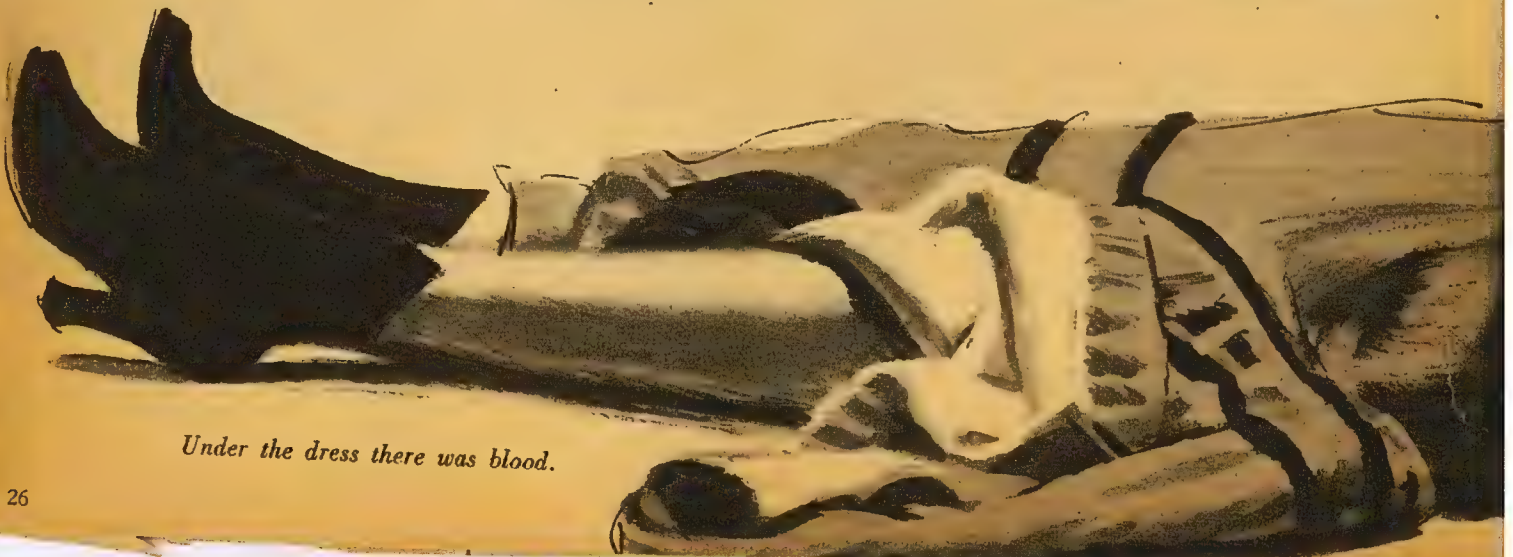
Moving over to the dresser, Page found a sheet of his daughter's scented stationery folded beneath a cologne bottle. Opening it, he read a note in her familiar graceful hand.

"Dear Papa—Have just learned that Harold is seriously ill in Boston. Must go to him at once. Will call you when I know more. In haste, with love—Mabel."


All this was far beyond his understanding—Mabel dead, his son ill. The bewildered father made his way downstairs and telephoned the family physician, Dr. H. B. Frost. Then he summoned his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Emily Woodward.

She arrived first and attempted to comfort Page in his grief until Dr. Frost appeared, accompanied by Dr. Julian A. Mead, the Middlesex County medical examiner, whom Frost had notified.

After a careful examination of the body, Dr. Mead turned to Page, a puzzled frown on his brow. "What made you believe that your daughter (Continued on page 54)



Under the dress there was blood.



**SOMETIMES THE WRITING
MEANS MORE THAN WHAT'S
WRITTEN—TO A MANHUNTER**

MURDER: 4 FEET 6



Detective Jack Allingham

A FEW DOZEN INCHES CAUGHT
A KILLER. A FEW DOZEN MORE EXPLODED HIS
ALIBI. IT WAS A YARD STICK
ROUNDUP FROM START TO FINISH

By Stuart Whitehouse

THE TIDIEST LITTLE holing-up place in all Seattle. Fred Long removed his spectacles, ran a thumb and forefinger briskly over the bridge of his nose, and replaced them. Yessir, when a man wanted to get in out of the cold, he could do a lot worse than Fred Long's place.

Fred had been in the tavern business for 20 years. He could draw a beer right up to the lip of a glass with one flip of his big hand, and shoot it spinning down the bar with a dead eye. He was death on dirt, and every place he'd ever run glistened like a rubbed ruby, but this spot on 105th Street, well, it was his own, see, and if he put in an extra lick polishing the mirror or an extra grunt scrubbing the floor, well, a man couldn't blame him.

He'd uncorked a lot of bottles and rung up a lot of sales to pay for that wallpaper with its splashy western print, but it made something special out of the place. And now there was the television set with the sharpest reproduction in Seattle.

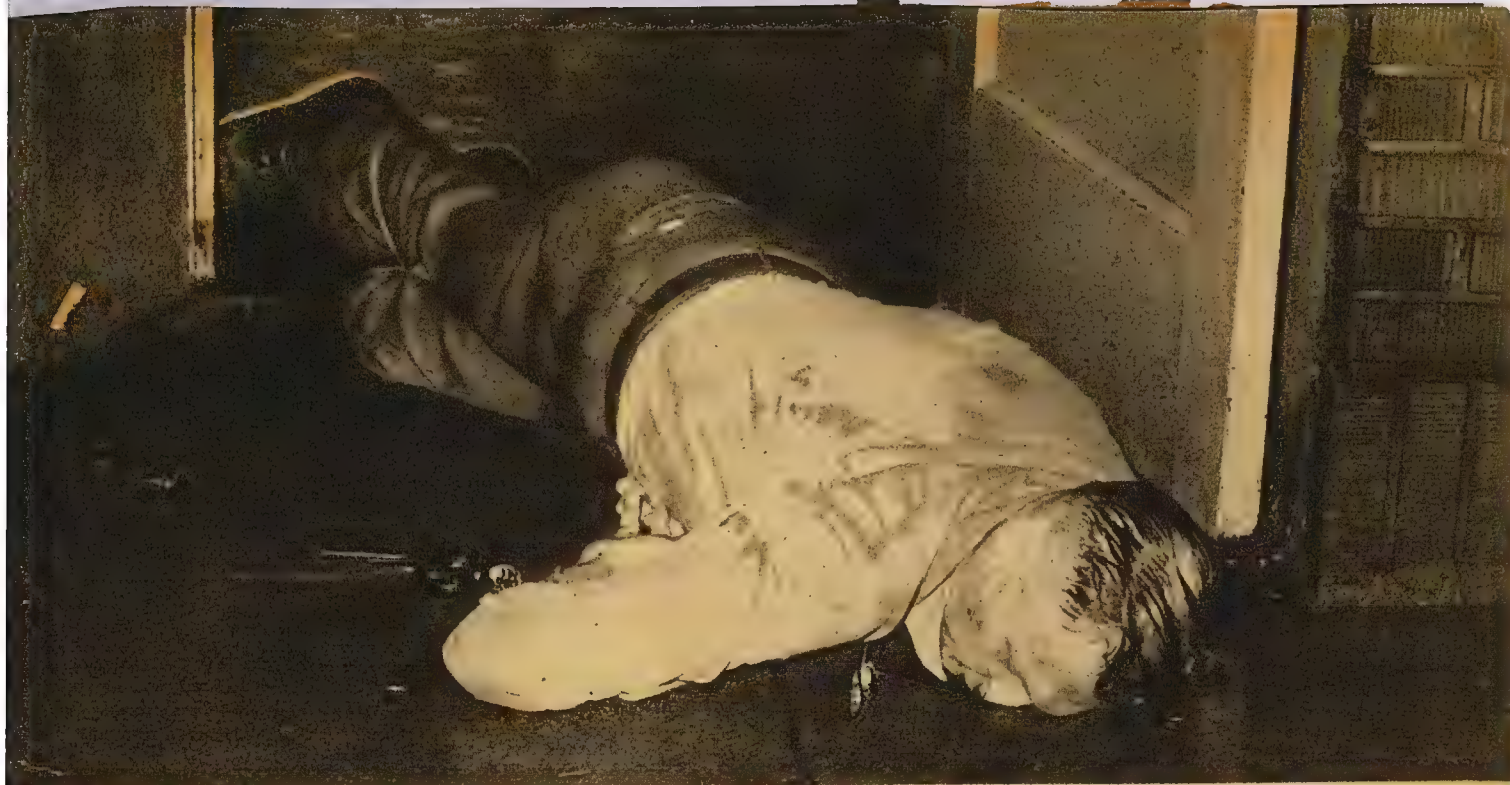
Fred eased his solid bulk up against the back counter and squinted up at the clock. Four minutes until closing time and two customers to shake. So far as Fred was concerned, they could sit there until sun-up. The wind outside would cut a man in two and Fred didn't blame a fellow for hugging his beer. But he'd promised his wife he'd be home on time. In two days he'd be 54; time to slack off a little; take things' easy.

"Drink up, boys," he called as the hand on the big clock jumped another minute.

"Take your time, Dad. We paid our way." Long shrugged. He wasn't going to tangle with a couple of hotheads at 1 o'clock in the morning. He walked over to the cash register, rang it open. The pinning of the bell hung in



Smotherman, Nault and Callahan
"Want to drop that ice pick yarn now?"



Fred Long
Two days short of 54 years.

the air a moment, announcing the till was open.

"Okay, Dad. That's what we're after."

Long heard the order without fear. Tavern holdups were no novelty and Long carried his own insurance, a bone-grip .38 revolver. He lunged for it. A shot rang out, but Long felt nothing. He wheeled, fired, fired again. For every shot that exploded from his .38, there was an answering one.

Long could see only one man now, a chubby-faced fellow who darted like a dancer in the small block of space between the bar stools and the wall. Then he was outside, shooting, swearing, shouting, shooting.

Long was after him. The big glass pane with its neon sign provided neither man with protection. Long was hit in the stomach. He did a slow half-spin, a second bullet hit him in the back. Long slumped to the ground. His glasses fell from his nose; his gun clattered on the cement. His feet were still inside the tavern, but his body, arms crumpled under him, lay outside the door. Fred Long, two days short of 54, was dead.

Diagonally across the street, a woman's hand jerked convulsively at the window curtain. The first shots she had not heeded. The second and third volleys brought her to the window. And there she remained, paralyzed for the three explosive minutes it took a man to die. Then she walked stiffly across the worn carpet and picked up the phone.

"Man! What a shooting match that was." Captain Adam Lyskoski said when he first spotted the tavern front with its drilled window. There were four neat holes in one corner, three in another, and the lifeless body of Fred Long sprawled in the doorway as final punctuation to the bloody battle.

"Yeah, and here come the locusts," Detective Thomas Nault, Jr., said, nodding up the street where every house was (Continued on page 42)



Burnett, Lyskoski and Nault
"You measuring me for a coffin?"

WHILE



BY W. W. WARD

**One man crushed
to death, another
scalded alive—and
all because the
Daltons once
ruled the West!**

THE SMALL MOVIE HOUSE in Steele, Mo., was packed with the usual Saturday morning bunch of tense, wild-eyed kids. They sat on the edge of their seats, popcorn forgotten, as the big Limited on the screen roared down the rails. Its whistle was near deafening in the little theater and the clackety-clack of its wheels on the track got louder and louder. Little did the engineer, his hand on the throttle, know that the Dalton gang had thrown a switch only a few hundred feet ahead!

But the kids knew. They'd watched them do it, with howls of wrath, and as the crack express, with the gold shipment in its mail car, thundered at 60 miles an hour towards its doom, they clutched at their seats and each other, bug-eyed with excitement. When the iron juggernaut hit the switch and leaped into the air they let out their pent-up breaths in screams of horror.

In the second row gangling six-foot, 15-year-old Willie Godsey shivered in spasms of sheer delight. His face contorted and his long legs twisted in the aisle as he wriggled with pleasure. Even after the scene changed and a posse went galloping hell-for-leather after the desperadoes, the image of the train wreck was just as vivid behind Willie's closed eyes as it had been on the screen.

"Whoo—whoo," he went, like a train whistle.

The little kids on each side of him looked at him queerly and leaned away.

"Whoo—whoo," he went again, bouncing up and down in his seat to the imaginary pounding of the rails. He put up his hand

to grasp the throttle. The switch came closer and he squirmed in ecstasy. "Whoo—"

The usher came down the aisle and shook him. It took Willie a minute to realize where he was. "Cut it out," the attendant said. Willie gazed around, abashed, then slumped in his seat. The usher glanced at him curiously—a big six-footer there among all those little kids.

When the movie was over, Willie was the last to leave. He would have stayed to see the train-wreck scene again, but he'd sneaked away from the farm and had to get back. Out in the glare of Steele's sunbaked main street, he headed for the highway that led to Holland, two miles south. He lived with his share-cropper dad and mother and his sister in a small, tumbledown shack a mile southwest of Holland. He'd try to hitch a ride, although he didn't mind the walk. No one could bust in on his daydreams when he was alone.

A block from the theater his eyes got dreamy again. His big shoes began to shuffle on the hot sidewalk in time to his whispered "choo—choo." He was a train—no, now he was the engineer. He saw the thin gleam of the rails converging before him while trees, houses and fields swept by at a dizzying pace. He picked up speed until the clackety-clack rang in his ears. "More coal, Jim," he said out of the side of his mouth. He put out his hand and held the throttle wide open and reached for the whistle cord. He ran headlong into two women, knocking one down and spilling the bundles from the arms of the other.

THE KILLER SLEPT



Holland, Missouri Disaster at 50 miles per hour.

"Watch what yer doin'!" a burly man shouted at him as he bent to help the bewildered woman to her feet. A small crowd gathered and glowered.

Willie's big body towered over them all, but his child's eyes widened and his lower lip drooped as if he were going to cry. Suddenly he turned and ran. He didn't stop until he reached the edge of town; he looked back, then, but no one had chased him. He sniffled a little, drew his shirt-sleeve across his nose, and then set out with long strides towards home. Pretty soon his head tilted back and his eyes half closed. He reached up for the throttle. "Whoo—whoo . . ."

It took him an hour to walk the three miles, but he pretended the train wreck a dozen times. Twice he tried to get into the role of the head of the Dalton gang, but he always came back to the smashing battering roar of the derailed locomotive.

Willie was a good-looking kid, except for his ears. They stuck out almost at right angles from under his short, black hair. He was awkward and shy, and still in the seventh grade with 11- and 12-year-olds; they made fun of him but he didn't care. The real world, to Willie, lay back of his closed eyes. There he was anyone he wanted to be.

When he got home, his mother had a sandwich and a glass of milk ready for him.

"Yer paw wants you in the barn," she told him. The tin roof and the old weather-grayed boards didn't keep out much heat in the shack, and she was usually cranky until sundown.

Willie went up (Continued on page 50)



Willie Godsey He forgot locomotives carry men.

THEY HAD THEIR LINES DOWN PAT,

BUT THE JUVENILE LEAD

FLUFFED HIS MOST IMPORTANT CUE

such NICE boys



Walter Copley

Hamlet bored him. So did murder.

By Philip Bonett

FLAMES, BLUE AND INTENSE, fed on the kerosene-soaked rug and raced across the living-room with hungry swiftness. They licked at the drapes hanging from the front window, and in a moment the smouldering material burst into fire. Spreading farther, the flames moved toward the center of the room. Directly in their path, sprawled face down on the floor, lay a corpse. As impersonally as they had devoured the drapes, so the flames now nibbled at the dead man, setting the wool shirt afire, roasting the flesh until the room was heavy with the smell.

Smoke rolled out the open front door and rose up into the night air as though rushing away from the horror within the house. Out on the road, not far from the bungalow, the telltale smoke was seen.

It was Walter Queen who saw it. The grocer and his son-in-law were tramping along the road, on their way home that night of May 6, 1950, and Queen glimpsed the gray clouds billowing skyward. At first he thought that neighbor Caldwell was burning trash in the fireplace, although it did seem an odd hour to be tending such a task. And that was when Queen noticed the chimney—smokeless.

Instantly Queen and his son-in-law spurted down Kiah Creek Road, shouting "Fire!" at the top of their lungs. Neighbors within earshot, familiar with the urgency of the cry, grabbed buckets as they too ran for the bungalow.

By now the flames were noisy with greed, gutting the living room. Armed with buckets, neighbors dipped into the rain barrels under the rainspouts and set up a chain to pass them along. Others worked out of the well in the same way, laboring with desperate urgency to get the fire under control before it spread to other rooms.

When finally they had succeeded, they stopped, ex-

hausted, and one by one they came over to stand in a silent circle staring down at the black remains of what had been a man, clothing turned to ashes, skin cracked and gaping like fissures in the earth.

"Caldwell?" asked a man who had rushed out in trousers hastily donned right over pajamas.

"Yep," said another neighbor as he cleaned his glasses and put them back on to study the corpse.

"Dead?"

"Yep. Murdered."

Jessie Flack, a farmer in blue work clothes, pointed at a blood-smeared shoe last, lying on the floor, his gnarled finger an accusation in itself. "The back of his head's all crushed in," he said, "and I'll bet it was the shoe last somebody used for the job."

Queen broke from the circle of soot-stained neighbors still panting from their exertions, and he ran to the home of one of his customers, where he knew there was a phone. All the way he kept shaking his head in disbelief—that this could have happened to John Caldwell!

At 68, the man had been the Rock of Gibraltar among teamsters in the area. In lumber camps along East Ford River and Twelvepole Creek—the heart of the Cabway-lingo section of West Virginia—John Caldwell had a reputation for being a man who could snake more logs through a narrow pass with a couple of dog-eared mules than anyone else could with a tractor. And there wasn't a logger for miles around who in his right mind would every try tangling with Caldwell. It didn't seem possible that anyone could have killed him.

But someone most certainly had.

Sheriff Homer Pelfry, a sandy-haired official with a

quick, friendly smile under other circumstances, frowned as he looked down at the remains of John Caldwell. At Pelfry's side stood Corporal Paul R. Pritchard, in charge of the West Virginia State Police detachment at Wayne, and Trooper Ralph D. Trombo.

To them, the set-up was plain. Someone had managed to sneak behind old Caldwell and had bashed in his head with the shoe last. To cover up, the guilty person had poured kerosene around the room and had touched it off with a match. Still standing on the floor was the empty kerosene jug and a box of matches which had miraculously escaped the blaze.

Willard Horne, Wayne County's young justice of the peace and coroner, bent over the corpse. He could learn nothing from it before an autopsy, so he arose and summoned an ambulance.

Pelfry stared at the road out front and said, to no one in particular: "That leads out to the Huntington highway. The killer's probably making tracks right now. Unless," he added as an afterthought, surveying Caldwell's neighbors who were crowding around the place, "unless he's right here under my nose."

Pelfry promptly began questioning the curious onlookers.

He learned that Caldwell's wife was away visiting relatives residing near Huntington, and that the victim had been "batching" it for about three days. Roscoe Tettle, a neighbor, apparently was the last person to see him alive. Tettle dropped in a little after 6 o'clock, to borrow some matches, and had remained only a few minutes.

"Matches?" echoed Pelfry, his eyebrows lifting quizzically. "I always thought you (Continued on page 45)



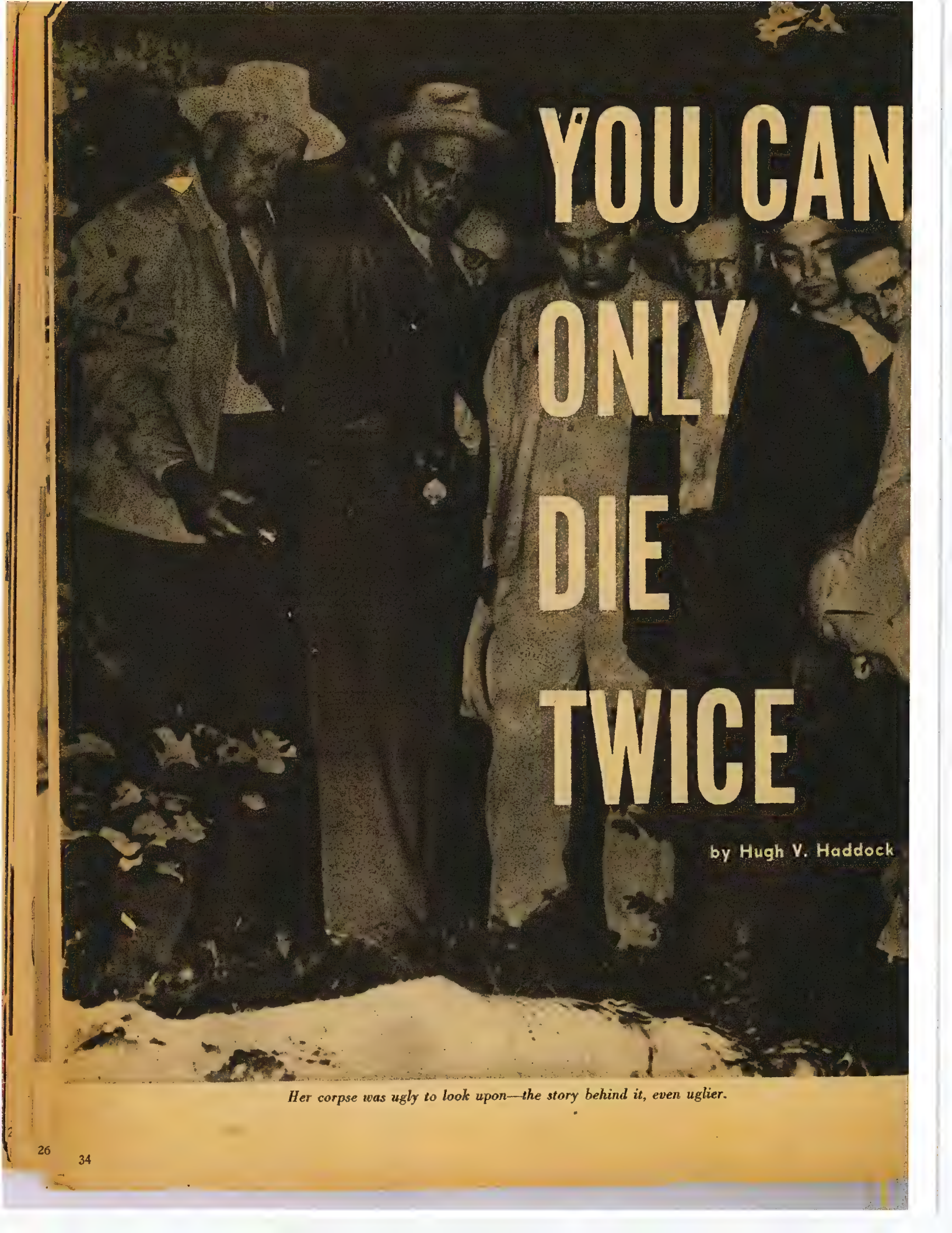
Road Block

The fugitive didn't stand a chance.



Jailer with Bernie Martin

The Brain failed to "make the show alone."



YOU CAN ONLY DIE TWICE

by Hugh V. Haddock

Her corpse was ugly to look upon—the story behind it, even uglier.

FIRST WITH A HAMMER, THEN WITH A KNIFE, HE MADE SURE SHE'D STAY PUT

IT DIDN'T MAKE sense that the neat white bungalow with its bright red shutters could be a house of mystery. Nor that its tenants, the brittle, flame-haired Faye Barbaree and her barrel-chested husband, Bob, could be creatures of intrigue. But their neighbors out on Highway 270 at the edge of Seminole, Okla., said it was so. And they cited the expensive cars that arrived at midnight and left before dawn; the heavily curtained windows; the overnight fortunes and overnight losses of Barbaree, to prove their point.

Then, on the evening of May 22, 1950, the back-fence chattering of Seminole housewives and the poker table rumblings of Seminole husbands gathered momentum and the talk was no longer of bootlegging, illicit affairs and gambling. It was of murder.

Sheriff John Sandlin listened to the near-hysterical account of his Seminole callers and agreed to investigate.

He knew Bob Barbaree. Back in the days of Seminole's growing pains, Barbaree had built rot-gut liquor into a sizable fortune. His golden touch was the envy of many a man in the oil state. Barbaree knew which palms to grease to assure him of smooth sailing through illicit channels; he knew which clothes to buy and he knew which woman to court . . . the copper-haired, quick-tongued Faye.

But when the bottom fell out of the liquor racket, nothing Bob touched went right. He could no longer buy protection. His clothes were too flashy. And the spirited Faye was said to be tiring of her bargain.

Bob tried his hand at the barber trade, but he had clipped people too long illegally to settle for the few dollars he got from honest shearing, and it wasn't long before word got around that he was "pushing pints" again.

He did one short jail term and after the second, he and Faye left Seminole for Georgia. But in the spring of 1950, Faye was back in her home on Highway 270 and Bob had taken a job as a barber in Oklahoma City.

"I'll tell you, Frank," the sheriff said to the spokesman for the group from Seminole. "Those Barbarees don't live like other people. To them the law is a challenge, not a protection. But I've got reason to think Barbaree is trying to live right lately and I'd hate to go poking my nose into his affairs unless I had good reason."

"You've got reason this time, sheriff. First place, Barbaree don't own a car. But Thursday evening a big flossy job pulled into the yard there and stayed

until long after midnight, and Barbaree's in Oklahoma City. Then, on Saturday night there was a fight. Mrs. Barbaree was screeching so she woke up everybody in the block. 'Get out of here. Don't you touch me. Get out of my house,' she was saying."

"You mean to tell me nobody investigated?" Sandlin asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the screaming stopped as fast as it started and the house was quiet as a tomb, but, sheriff, I'd rather investigate a nest of cobras than them Barbarees."

"All right, all right. So that was Saturday night. This is Monday. What suddenly makes you think the woman's been murdered?"

"Well, no one's seen her around since then. But there was a car drove up this afternoon. The womenfolks have taken to watching every leaf that stirs over at the Barbarees, but somehow none of them saw who went in or who came out. But one of them did get the license number."

"Not so fast, Frank," Sandlin said. "We'll drive out there and see what's up before we start hauling in car owners."

With his deputy, Price Azlin, the sheriff drove 12 miles from the courthouse at Wewoka to Seminole police headquarters.

"You had any recent trouble with Bob Barbaree?" he asked Chief Jenkins.

"Not lately. What's up?"

Sandlin briefed him on the information that had come to him.

"That fellow's luck may have really played out," Jenkins said. "Not more than a month ago I heard that some red-hot over in Oklahoma City had sworn he'd get Barbaree if he ever came back to this part of the country. Bob was in Georgia then and I thought he'd have sense enough to stay there. Then I hear he's not only back in the state but had barged right in to Oklahoma City."

"This piece of trouble sounds as though it's Mrs. B., though, not Bob," Sandlin remarked.

"In Barbaree's league, nobody cares who gets hurt," Jenkins replied. "Let's get out there."

They drove along the sun-baked highway that was lined on both sides with freshly painted salt-box houses, each one a blood brother to its neighbor. From a distance, the Barbaree house looked like the well-tended home of a fairly prosperous businessman, but as they got closer, the officers could see the blinds were drawn and the house had an untenanted (Continued on page 64)



Faye Barbaree
Death in two installments.



Bob Barbaree
He brewed potent stuff.

One-Way to Hell

(Continued from page 18)

other, they had to get the heroin. Each found his own way. For the boys, it was thievery. A wave of terrorism swept over the neighborhood, and burglaries and muggings became commonplace. The desperate youngsters stopped at nothing.

Nor did Susan. She was too young and pretty to be wasted on thievery, so Carpenter branched out and set himself up as her manager. He set a high price on her, and he got it. His rake-off was doubled, because he got a share of the money she earned with her body and he picked up more whenever she bought the heroin.

In April, 1950, one of the youngsters in Susan's crowd simply cracked under the strain and blurted out the story to his parents. Carpenter was nabbed by federal narcotics agents and is currently serving time. Susan and the other addicts were brought in. Susan faced a jail sentence, as did the others, but she avoided that by volunteering to enter the hospital at Lexington, Ky., run by the U. S. Public Health Service for dope victims.

The treatment is tough, but Susan suffered through it. To kick the habit permanently, however, is even tougher. Susan didn't make it. She was at home only a few months before she got back on a heroin diet and then she vanished. She's wanted now for violating parole.

Susan is one of many. The dope pushers are up to their necks in a high pressure campaign to sell the country's kids. In Chicago, Juvenile Judge Robert J. Dunne admitted he was alarmed by the situation. "It used to be," he pointed out, "that most of the dope used by youngsters was marijuana, but now many juvenile users have turned to heroin and cocaine, the most vicious of all the drugs."

Detroit is another city with similar trouble. A 16-year-old high school boy, leader of a dance band, was arrested for possessing reefer. When quizzed, the boy made no bones about using marijuana, but he protested that he wasn't the only one. He knew of a hundred or more who smoked the stuff, and he named four schools where this was going on. Police investigation at the time revealed that the ring operating in Detroit was tied in with one in New York. Both were concentrating on teen-agers as potential customers.

An intensive effort was made to ferret out the dope pushers and the men above them, but these criminals are a lot like the marijuana weed they sell—they pop up almost everywhere, thrive under difficult conditions and for every one destroyed, two take his place. Consequently it came as no great shock when, this past June, a probe by Detroit police and federal narcotics agents revealed that the city's teen-agers, like those the country over, were turning to heroin, morphine and cocaine.

New York is a doubly cursed city, as far as the plague of dope addiction goes. Not only, as the nation's largest city, is it likely to have its share of the racket, but in addition it happens to be one of the main ports of entry through which the stuff can be smuggled. Accordingly New York bluecoats are particularly alert to the threat.

Their chief weapon in the war against the racketeer is the policewoman. Twice in recent months New York's "female finest" went into action to break up dope rings, and in one instance the final convincer was a bullet.

Detective Kathryn Barry, decked out as a bobby-soxer, complete with slacks and gray topper, kept hanging around in a neighbor-

hood where a den was thought to be operating. For a few days she patrolled the area alone. Then, when she figured she had the place pinpointed, she arranged for two men on the Narcotics Squad to raid.

She was on hand when they cracked the den. Among the "customers" sprawled out on sofas was a 16-year-old boy. Kathryn Barry and the two men lined up everyone in the place and kept them covered while they sat down to wait patiently for latecomers.

One of the last to be rounded up was 26-year-old Douglas Lopez. He had a package in his hand—two pounds of marijuana. As he confronted the cops, he dropped the package and tried kicking it under the nearest couch, but he failed. Finding himself covered by a 5-foot 2-inch lady in uniform, Lopez apparently got ideas in his head. His hand started fidgeting toward a bulging pocket of his sports coat.

"Keep your hands still or I'll kill you," Kathryn Barry warned him.

He didn't keep his hands still. Kathryn Barry aimed at his right leg and put a .32 bullet through it—the first policewoman in New York's history to fire a gun in the execution of her duty.

The other woman member of the force who played a role in a crackdown on a drug ring was 27-year-old Laurette McDonnell, a tall, slim and strikingly handsome young lady. Detective McDonnell used to be a model but she gave it up for her present career because, as she put it, "I got bored with showing off dresses and lingerie in those swank Fifth Avenue shops."

Laurette McDonnell was called in on the case precisely because of her past experience. This particular ring had proved to be a tough one to handle. For one thing, it catered to a toney clientele and took great pains to protect its customers. Each patron was given a metal identification disc, and no one was admitted who lacked one.

Beauties Available

Furthermore this dope gang went in heavily for "window-dressing." They saw to it that beautiful gals were always floating around the den. They had a plentiful supply of such beauties since they were the main dope distribution center for Broadway's theatrical crowd.

Several times Detective McDonnell, looking every inch the successful model, tried crashing the gate, but they refused to let her in without an identification disc. Finally, when she realized that their suspicions had been aroused, she and a male detective grabbed their guns and made a pinch at 2 A. M. They broke open the door. Ex-model McDonnell seized a stunning model who was there on tap, and the detective nabbed artist Wilbert Carter, entrepreneur in dope.

Nobody else was in the place. But tucked away in various nooks was several thousand dollars' worth of marijuana and heroin. Two ounces of heroin were cleverly concealed in a bathroom window frame, and a smaller amount was found in the model's compact. Besides that, the bathroom was rigged up as a "drug laboratory," including paraphernalia to dilute drugs and machinery to produce reefer.

It was a would-be model who figured in 1950's most tragic instance of dope addiction. A few years back, this gorgeous girl had been ranked as one of America's most beautiful creatures. She had deep blue eyes set off by a perfect peaches and cream complexion, with inky black hair to frame her head. At 18, she was a girl with dreams and the world was a great, wide, wonderful place to live in. She tried modeling for a while, but that didn't pan out. Pneumonia gave her a kicking around, left her weak in body and weak in spirit.

She headed back home to Detroit, and where pneumonia left off, neighborhood gossips took up and broke her spirit completely by talking of her as a prize flop. When in New York, a name-band drummer had initiated her to marijuana; while passing through Detroit, he initiated her to heroin.

"It was a good feeling, the hypo," she admitted, later on. "It made me feel warm. You feel comfortable and relaxed, not high or anything."

But the price tag on heroin was way beyond the girl's ability to pay, so: "I went to work for the man who got the stuff for me. It wasn't very nice."

At 22, with her body wasted away from 125 pounds to a haggard 93, the girl was accidentally discovered to be an addict, though no charges could be leveled against her, she voluntarily went away to a friend's farm to recuperate under a doctor's care. She's been promised a job, upon her return to Detroit, and it's waiting there for her now.

Will she take it and can she hold it? People all over the country will be rooting for her; but those who know the score, though they wait with fingers crossed, realize sadly that the odds are 100 to 1 against her.

It took a fighter like Barney Ross to beat those odds. Barney was a boy who had come up the hard way. When he was very young, his father, a grocery store owner, had been killed by bandits. Barney went to school by day, fought in the ring by night. His lethal fists won him the amateur featherweight crown, the professional world lightweight championship and finally the welterweight championship. In 1938, having won 69 out of 76 fights, 20 by knockouts, Barney hung up his gloves.

He picked up a rifle in 1942 and entered the Marines as a buck private. In the historic battle of Guadalcanal, Barney refused to leave three wounded comrades though he himself was wounded and suffering from shock and fever. During one hellish night, Barney, arms and legs torn by shrapnel and shaking with malaria, fired more than 450 rounds of ammunition, pitched his pack of grenades and held the enemy at bay until help arrived the next day. He had won his greatest fight so far—but he had a greater one yet to come.

It all started when medical corpsmen gave Barney morphine to counter his malaria. Back in the States on a bond-selling tour, Barney had to keep taking the drug to fall asleep. His need for it grew worse, and even after his discharge, he went on dosing himself with morphine.

Finally he took the step that earned him the admiration of courageous men the world over. He surrendered himself to agents of the Federal Narcotics Bureau because, as he stated bluntly, "it was the only way I could get adequate treatment. I am trying to catch myself before I become hopelessly addicted to the stuff."

Four months after he entered the hospital at Lexington, Ky., Barney strode out, cured. "It was the toughest fight of my life," he said grimly. "It was no pushover to lick it fairly and squarely."

The name of Barney Ross still shines as a beacon of hope for those addicts who want to break the habit. But the truth is that most of them are doomed.

That's why the demand for narcotics never slackens. That's why the racket is one of fantastic proportions, with a set-up that surpasses by far the most highly-organized international cartel ever known. Federal Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger believes the U. S. narcotics ring, a tremendously powerful crime combine in itself, is tied in with the Mafia, the infamous secret

Sicilian "Black Hand" society. In a closed-door meeting, he was also quoted as having told investigators that New York, California and Florida are the centers of narcotics traffic in the U. S., with the main source of supply in Istanbul, Turkey.

The smuggling of dope is no longer carried on, as it once used to be, in large quantities. That's too risky. Instead, thousands of agents—all of whom are considered expendable—bring in the stuff in small lots. Then if one or two of these small fry are nabbed, nothing much is lost.

The same principle holds true for the selling of the dope. It's handled by peddlers, many of them addicts, who are generally given the squeeze play. On one side they're forced to fork over tribute by gangster racketeers; and on the other, corrupt police officials demand a rake-off. Of course the peddler, in turn, passes the squeeze along to the addict—the only one who can't fight back.

Higher up in the syndicate, there are no addicts. They're not permitted. If one of them ever turns into a "gowster," which is the term for an underworld addict who depends on crime to keep himself supplied with dope, he is promptly eliminated. Favorite method of elimination: a "hot shot" of cyanide concealed in his ration of dope.

The syndicate's hierarchy, in reverse, runs from the dope pusher to the district assistant to the district boss to the territory boss and then the big shots, the barons of crime. The last high-ranking syndicate member to be juggled was Martin Cohen, a territory boss in Newark. He headed a million dollar a year East Coast dope distributorship that extended from New York to Florida.

Cohen was a big-time operator who averaged a mere 150 per cent profit on his sales. He bought heroin on the open market of smugglers at \$100 an ounce, sold it to his district men for \$250. Then the district men invariably cut the heroin two to three times with sugar of milk and thus wound up with 1,500 capsules worth \$3,000.

Arrests or no arrests, the dope racket is booming. For those who make a business of it, the margin of profit is unlimited and, once the poor devils are hooked, the demand is constant. As for the addicts themselves, they can do nothing but sell their souls to get the stuff.

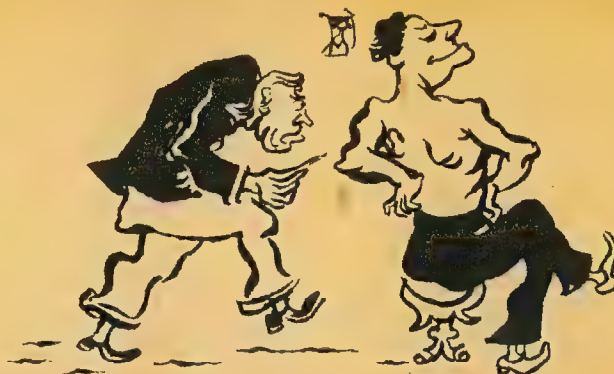
There are 50,000 such slaves in the United States today. No law can free them. They are owned by criminals who grow fabulously rich from their suffering, yet they lack the will to rebel. They are killing themselves, slowly but surely, and yet no doctor can save them. And when they die, the death certificate won't indicate that it was murder—but it was.

The killers are the syndicate chiefs and their hirelings. But so powerful are they, and so vicious, that it takes the combined strength of the nations of the world to wage war against them; and even now, in an inconspicuous little brownstone building in New York's Greenwich Village, United Nations' narcotics' experts are waging the battle with every scientific instrument at their command.

But the real struggle still goes on in the body of the dope addict. When a man is enslaved by the stuff, they say of him: he's got the monkey on his back. The only way he can get the monkey off is to kill himself. But if he lacks the courage for that, the end is inevitable.

The monkey kills him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to youngsters who, through ignorance or immaturity, committed a crime for which they were or will be duly punished by law, the names Susan Tait and Kenneth Carpenter are fictitious.



murder in needlepoint

■ JUAN HENRIQUES, a lusty sailor lad, between sips of his wine, regaled his friends at the tavern with tales of his most recent conquest.

"I am a gentleman and a Spaniard and so I cannot tell you who she is," he told his wide-eyed admirers. "I have just come from a little interview with her," he said gallantly.

The day was very hot at the little port of Puerto Santa Maria on May 16, 1949 and Henriques suddenly felt a sharp pain in his back. He reached his hand under his shirt to stroke it.

"May disease strike that tattoo artist who worked on me this morning. I think I feel an infection coming on," he said. Then he fell off his chair, spilling his wine, and his friends rushed to his side. He was quite dead.

After the cries had subsided, the body was borne across the town square to the barber, who also tripled as the undertaker and gravedigger.

"I am convinced this was an unusual death," he said lifting his white head and looking about gravely.

One of the men crowding the doorway volunteered: "He complained of his back just before he died. He said he had had a tattoo done on him and that it bothered him."

"Perhaps the artist was not sanitary. If so, he will be punished. But that could not have been the cause of death. For an infection could not have killed him so rapidly. We will perform an autopsy."

At 5 A.M., with most of the town looking on, he said sternly: "This man has been poisoned, perhaps with prussic acid."

With great care, now that the autopsy had been performed, the body was turned over. On the back, were angry ridges.

The mayor leaned over the ridges. "But this spells out nothing. I cannot make it out. It did not have a chance to heal."

"Tattoos take from three to four days to take form. But now the man is dead and the blood will not course within him and heal the wounds. Perhaps we will never know what it was intended to be."

Then, he snapped his fingers. "Of course we have a way." And he sent for the local photographer.

"Take me a photograph of this back," the mayor said. "Perhaps from the design we can find the tattoo expert who worked on him."

At 9 A.M., the alcade, making dignified haste, arrived at the photographer's. He was ushered into the dark room off the kitchen.

"It's part of the head of a woman," the

photographer said. "It has the contour and the hair of a woman's head. But it's unfinished."

"You are somewhat of an artist," the alcade said. "Do you think you can complete that portrait?"

They took the photo into the kitchen and with a wax crayon, the photographer-artist went to work.

By flicking ever so delicately, he completed what palpably had been an unfinished eye. Then he flicked with his wax crayon some more, and lo, there was the unfinished nose, a delicately tilted nose. He smudged and filled in what had been unfinished about the hair, and lo, there was a handsome bang over a good brow. Both men said simultaneously: "Senora Gonzar!"

"Come with me," the alcade said. Both men walked across the village square to the shop of Dr. Pierre Gonzar, one of the many tattoo artists.

Dr. Gonzar was an old bent man. He was past 70, though still hardy. He straightened up in a dignified way as the men came in and the alcade held out the portrait on the photo to him—silently.

"Yes, it was I. Sometimes an old man like me digs his grave by marrying a young one. But I loved her so and she was unfaithful to me."

Then he told his story. The young sailor, slightly drunk and gay, had come to his shop and had waved a picture of Dr. Gonzar's wife.

"Make for me a tattoo on my back of this photo," Dr. Gonzar said he had been startled to see it was a picture of his wife. Presumably, the sailor had not known that he was in her husband's shop.

"The portrait was only half done when I could no longer work. My heart swelled within me as though it would burst. I seized up my bottle of prussic acid, dipped in my needle, and plunged it into his back. You see, we keep the acid for cleaning the needles, but then we wash them later with cold water."

Then he told the sailor that he should return to have the portrait completed. "It will be too painful at one sitting," he said he told Juan.

"I knew he would never return. But I thought I was safe. I told Estrella, my unfaithful wife, nothing, but I planned to send her back to her family in the mountains."

Three weeks later, at the high assizes in Seville, Dr. Gonzar, in consideration of his advanced age, was given 10 years only for the murder of Juan Henriques.

—J. Alvin Kugelmass

"I'm No Damn Good"

(Continued from page 19)

one-gallon gasoline can several yards away.

That same night, Monday, Hartel's 1946 Mercury, which he had bought less than a month before, was found parked and locked in the lot behind the Park Hotel where Hartel always left it. Impressions from the tires exactly matched those of tracks at the scene, but no one had seen who drove the car on the lot. It was just there. And on the seat were blood stains.

When eventual identification came, it was made by Hartel's half-brothers, Albert and Edward Miller. Albert said he had not seen Vince since Sunday noon. Edward hadn't seen him since Saturday night. Hartel, who had lived in Moose Jaw for six years in bachelor quarters in the Bank of Commerce Chambers, was a 36-year-old painter who, on the very day his body was found, was to have gone into partnership with another man as the Moose Jaw Painters and Decorators.

That was all the information that had got out by Tuesday morning, but it was enough. Moose Jaw residents could talk of nothing else and Tom Grant, the burly little bus driver who knew everyone in town and had been Vince's best friend, had to bear the brunt of a town's curiosity.

"He was rather a lone wolf, wasn't he, Tom?" The question came from a long, lean clergyman. Tom couldn't remember ever having carried him on the bus before, but he was getting a lot of new passengers that day. Folks who only had a handful of blocks to go, but a long string of questions to ask.

"Well, maybe you'd call him that," Tom replied. A sign over the big wheel said: "No conversing with the driver while the bus is in motion." But Grant might just as well have torn the sign up. Nobody was going to pay any attention to the warning that day, nor for a lot of days.

"I use to see him sitting here on Main Street in his car, all by himself, just watching the people go by."

"Yeah." Tom's answer was non-committal. Quit rehashing, he thought to himself. He's dead. So he's dead. Sure you saw him sitting in his car. You saw him drinking coffee, buying shirts. Sure you did. He was alive then. Leave him alone.

"That's right," Mrs. Squoddy said. She had never spoken to the clergyman before in her life. Different faith. But Vince Hartel's murder had united the town. It was a justifiable wedge for speaking to anyone in Moose Jaw. Perfect strangers, even. "I saw him. Saw him Sunday night, as a matter of fact. Right in front of McIntyre's Cafe. About 8 o'clock, it was."

Half a dozen people had seen Vince around 8 o'clock Sunday night. But no one had seen him after that. No one until the cattle buyer came across his partially cremated body at the fork of the roads.

His own half-brother had seen him Sunday, too. He was the one who lent Vince the gasoline can. And a filling station operator sold him the gas.

"Two bullet holes in the back of his neck." Tom glanced in the rear view mirror to see who was talking. He was surprised to see a sweet-faced girl about 16. Her moist lips had gone a little slack and her blue eyes were slightly glassy. She seemed to be getting actual enjoyment out of recounting the story of the bullets. "Brrr," she shuddered. "Right at the nape of the neck."

"That's not all," Mrs. Squoddy said.

"Latest I heard was that the doctor said he was still alive when he was set afire. Might have saved him, but not after the fire."

Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. It was a chant that was chasing through Tom's mind in a regular, unbearable rhythm. But he knew they wouldn't stop and he knew he couldn't stop. His duty was to drive that bus and if he pulled over to the side of the road, told his passengers to shift for themselves, and walked off the job. A woman never did understand about friendships.

By Wednesday morning, the police commission, through Mayor L. H. Lewry, had offered a \$100 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer. But police had already decided that such a sadistic killer was either mad-drunk or half-crazy and few people wanted to risk their own hides to hunt him down for a handful of bills.

The investigation, under the leadership of Staff Sergeant A. G. Cookson and Constable Arthur A. Zimmerman, had headquarters set up over the post office and men and women dribbled in during Wednesday and Thursday to add their pitifully inadequate bits of gossip, hearsay and actual evidence to the meager information the officers already had.

Time Established

Among the witnesses to appear were Stuart Scharfe, near whose farm the body was found, and Grant Lloyd. Scharfe said he had seen a car parked at the lane intersection about 9 p.m. Sunday night. And Lloyd said he had passed a blue Mercury at the intersection about 9:30. Just as he drove by, the Mercury was wheeled back into a side lane. These statements helped to establish the time of the murder as approximately 9:30, and left only 45 minutes unaccounted for in Hartel's evening. A number of people had seen him parked, alone, in front of McIntyre's Cafe at 8 o'clock.

But what could happen to a man in 45 minutes that could change him from a quiet, hard working house painter into the object of a crazed killer's revenge? There was nothing in Hartel's almost monastically neat room to provide the answers. Half a dozen clean, worn work shirts, a few pairs of carefully darned socks and the magazine section of a week's old newspaper were the only remaining remnants of a man's life. And from these, a solution to his death could not be extracted.

On Wednesday, Wenzel Vince Hartel was buried. A tremendous crowd was gathered at the cemetery, but of these, Hartel's friends could be counted on a single hand, and of these friends, two were pall bearers. There was Tom Grant, of course. And there was Terence Lobardy. And before that day was finished, Lobardy's part in the ceremony was to be sharply remembered for he was picked up by the police and taken to headquarters.

"And him a pall bearer. What a cold fish he must be."

"Cold fish? Crazy more likely." For the first indication that police knew Hartel's killer had made a self-appointed jury member of every Moose Jaw citizen, and a judge of the more hot headed.

"Well, Lobardy," Cookson began. "It just came to our attention that Vince Hartel had a girl friend, planned to marry her at one time, a Lenore Simmons."

Lobardy was a long limbed, angular laboring man who had not even been given time to switch to his week day clothes and now shifted uncomfortably in his Sunday black and a white shirt that fitted too snugly.

"Reckon you're right," he said. "You had some trouble with Hartel over this girl, didn't you?"

Lobardy ran a long calloused finger under the edge of his collar, worked it awhile, then furiously pulled his tie away and loosened his shirt front.

"That's been a long time ago, over a year," he said. "As a matter of fact, Vince hadn't been seeing Lenore lately. Had some other girl."

"You were telling around that this girl was going to have Hartel's child."

"That's a lie. I . . ."

"It's no lie, Lobardy. We have proof that you and Hartel staged a hell of a fight over this girl and that you later called up the place where she worked and tried to get her fired."

Lobardy's big hands were working nervously along his knees.

"You want Vince's killer bad," he said. His voice was choked and when he wasn't talking his teeth worked back and forth in constant grinding. "Maybe you want him bad enough to take a guy like me, a guy who was Vince's friend, and say I done it because of a stale old argument."

Cookson watched the man struggling for words and almost crying with the urgency to talk and the inability to say what he wanted.

"Well, I didn't do it. I didn't. I couldn't. God. Not like that. Not any way. And I can prove it. I was home on Sunday night. My wife'll tell you. And I was home Monday. I remember when the news came they'd found Vince's body. . . ."

"Lobardy," Cookson said, "Hartel wasn't the kind of fellow who made friends easily. But he wasn't the kind who made enemies, either. You're the only man who ever had a quarrel with him and it was a serious one. We're going to hold you right here until we've checked your story. And you better be telling the truth."

Mrs. Lobardy had never had any dealings with the law in any way and when the officers pulled into the yard, she hid in the kitchen. But they continued to pound at the door until finally she responded.

"Terence? Sunday night? He was here," she said. Her words came very fast and she picked at her nails while she talked and looked beyond the officers as though she expected her husband to come in at any minute and order these men from her home.

"It's very important, Mrs. Lobardy," the sergeant said gently. "Tell us exactly what happened Sunday night."

"Wasn't nothing happened. We was just here. That's all. Tom Grant was over for awhile and we chatted. Then on Monday we heard Vince was missing. His brother was asking here for him early in the day. I remember later that afternoon, Tom was still here and news come they'd found an unidentified body. 'I hope it isn't Vince,' Tom said. And I remember Terence shooting him a look and saying, 'My God, what an idea.'"

Grant verified this story, although he said he wasn't at the Lobardy home until late in the evening and he didn't know whether Lobardy had been there earlier. But he was sure Terence couldn't be guilty.

"Yes, Tom. You're sure," Cookson said. "Lobardy was a friend of Hartel's and a friend just couldn't do a thing like this. But a week ago you would have been just as sure that no one would ever murder a guy like Vince. Well, he's dead; burned to death and two bullets pumped into his neck. You can't be sure of anything with murder."

Tom's face was up close to the sergeant's and he was looking him right in the eye, but he didn't seem to be listening to what Cookson said. He seemed impatient for the officer to finish, and when he had, Grant took his arm and squeezed it hard. "It's not that, Sergeant. It's something else . . . it's terrible."

Cookson was surprised at the violence of

the man's emotion. He thought for a minute that Grant was going to cry.

"What is it, Tom? What's on your mind?"

But Grant had a grip on himself by then. He pulled his cap off and rubbed his knuckles hard over the fringe of black hair that framed his head. "Geez, sergeant. I'm going crazy. Vince getting killed like that. It's just that I know Terry couldn't have done it. That's all."

"Okay, Tom. Take it easy," Cookson said. Maybe Grant shouldn't have gone back to his job so quick after the murder. Lots of folks in Moose Jaw were upset and jumpy. But Grant had been Hartel's best friend. He gave Grant a firm clap on the shoulder and left. Lobardy, he decided, was probably innocent. He would release him as soon as he got back to the office, but warn him not to leave town.

Cookson hadn't been back at his desk more than ten minutes when the phone rang. It was Tom Grant.

"Meet me, sergeant, right away, I've got to tell you something. It's very important. Meet me at the corner of High and Main Streets."

The sergeant was downstairs and out the door in ten strides. Grant was waiting for him when he arrived, pacing the curb impatiently and twirling a chain of keys in his fingers so vigorously that he had chipped the skin on his thumb.

Tom began talking in a quiet, fast voice. "I . . . I wanted to tell you earlier, sergeant. I knew I had to sometime, but it was so damn awful."

Cookson waited.

"It's Ed, sergeant. Ed Miller. I just can't get him out of my mind. I just can't believe it could happen. But Ed and Vince didn't get along too well, argued and quarreled. Then last Sunday Ed came to me and asked me to borrow a gun for him. I didn't think anything about his wanting a gun, but I told him I couldn't do it, didn't have the time to make arrangements. He was sore about it but said he'd get a gun some way."

"You mean you think Ed Miller could have killed his own brother?"

Tom shrugged. "That's it. It just doesn't seem possible, but Ed had been avoiding me like the plague since this thing happened. And the other night I got a phone call from one of Vince's old girl friends. She thinks it's Ed, too, from things Vince told her."

"I hope you're wrong, man. I sincerely hope you're wrong. But I'm going out right now to pick up Ed. I want you to go to my office and wait there. I may have you confront Miller with your story. Clear yourself with the bus company because you won't be taking your run today."

On his way to Miller's home, Cookson recalled that Hartel's car was driven to the lot where Hartel always parked it. The killer had to be someone who knew Vince well. Maybe he had the solution in his hip pocket after all.

Ed Miller, who was a night porter in one of the local hotels, was at home when the sergeant arrived. He went along willingly, but with a show of surprise. "I've told you

everything I know," he insisted.

He was taken to a separate room and seated in a chair across from Cookson. He immediately picked up a sheet of plain paper and began pleading it, slowly and evenly.

"You have any idea why you were brought in here?"

Miller continued to fold and refold the paper. "No, sir, I don't." He went on working the paper, but his eyes were on Cookson.

"I understand you wanted a gun in a bad way, Sunday."

"Me? That's crazy."

"Supposing you go back over your day Sunday, right up until midnight."

Miller obliged. He always slept during the day because of the nature of his work. But he had got up about 6:30 Sunday, taken the ashes away at the hotel, then driven over to pick up his brother-in-law and sister to have supper with him. He took them home about 11:30 and checked in for work shortly before midnight.

Such a schedule, if he had kept it, would preclude any chance of his being guilty. Cookson called in a deputy and sent him to check the story at every possible point.

It was Saturday morning before the man returned and both Grant and Miller were still at the station, but they had not yet seen each other. The deputy walked into the room where Cookson and Miller, both haggard from loss of sleep, were sitting.

"Clean as a whistle," the deputy said with an encouraging smile at Miller.

Miller, too, was smiling, a broad smile of relief that was not brought on by the deputy's report.

Weapon Turns Up

"We aren't surprised to learn of your findings, Ned," Cookson said. "Look at this." He shoved a .22 Cooney rifle across the desk, still wrapped in a piece of torn quilting.

"The murder gun?" the deputy said.

"Exactly. The owner brought it in this morning. His wife lent it to Tom Grant on Saturday and it was returned Monday morning, wrapped in that quilt. Someone just left it on the porch. We've checked it with ballistics."

"Tom Grant! Wow! Has he talked?"

"We haven't even told him. There's something bothering Tom. Something serious. It looks as though he tried to hang a bum charge on Ed, here. But before we brace him again we want to be sure of our ground. I've got men out checking now to see what they can find on the man."

What they could find seemed to be about the most conclusive evidence of guilt that could be rounded up.

A piece of quilt exactly like that in which the gun had been wrapped was found in Grant's garage. Also a cabbie was located who said Grant had hailed him early Monday morning and said he wanted to return a gun. The cabbie drove him to the owner's home.

There were several citizens, now, who were ready to come forward and reveal that Tom Grant had not been a faithful husband.

A clerk in a local hotel informed the

officers that on Sunday night, Grant had come into the hotel and registered as F. Grace, of Regina. The clerk had known Tom for ten years, but he said nothing.

"I think we've got enough, now," Constable Zimmerman said. "Looks as though Tom was jealous of Hartel. Vince was a younger man, better looking and, as a bachelor, could be a lot freer with his money. If they were squiring some of the same girls, Tom probably lost out once too often for his vanity."

"Maybe," Cookson agreed. "Don't forget we never found Hartel's wallet, either. And he was supposed to carry plenty."

Grant listened to the charges hurled at him in a kind of stupor. When the last piece of evidence had been laid before him, he shuddered slightly and then nodded. "I was there," he said. "But I didn't do it."

Hartel, he said, had asked him to drive out in the country to deliver a can of gasoline. At the intersection of the two lanes, Hartel stopped the car, threw the can out, spilling the gas on the ground, then tried to pull the gun with him. He had previously asked Grant to borrow the gun for him. The gun went off, injuring Hartel and setting the gasoline afire.

"That will never stand up, Tom," the constable said. "The gas can was found several yards away from the fire. It wasn't accidentally upset. The can wasn't even charred."

The stocky little bus driver stared hard at the constable, a man he had known for many years. Finally he flung himself at Zimmerman and in a tearful outburst, bore out the earlier prophecy of his gossipy passenger, Mrs. Squoddy.

"I'm no damn good, Zimmie. I'm no damn good. You've got to protect me."

He volunteered to take Cookson and Zimmerman to the spot where the murder occurred and also to the place where he claimed he had burned his clothes after the crime. On the way back to the city, Grant declared: "I shot him. The gun was in my hand. I've got to admit it. I don't know why I did it. I've got a good wife and lots of friends."

Back in Moose Jaw, Grant asked if he could see Ed Miller. He was allowed to and openly apologized to him.

The preliminary hearing was held the latter part of May. At this writing, Tom Grant is still being held for trial at which time the extent of his guilt, or his innocence, will be established.

But in the town of Moose Jaw, a grateful citizenry agreed that the Mounties did a good job and for them the case is closed. Mrs. Squoddy still catches the same bus at the same corner at the same time each day. There is a new face behind the big wheel, but she is getting to know that driver, too. "Awful, wasn't it," was her first greeting. "But just like I said. There's a woman in it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Terence Lobardy and Lenore Simmons, used in this story, are fictitious.



An Apple for Eve

(Continued from page 24)

say, but three weeks ago Max made a will cutting her out of his share of community property. He hated to think she would benefit if he died."

The body of Max Keller was removed for immediate autopsy and, after concluding their questioning, the investigators posted a guard at the house and returned to headquarters. Waiting for their summary were Lieutenant Vic England and Captains Garner Brown and Gordon Bowers.

Once briefed, Captain Brown phoned the Temple substation, requesting the report filed in connection with the New Year's Day incident involving Keller. It started coming over the teletype moments later and the men crowded eagerly about the clacking machine.

Headed only "Suspicion of Arson," the report stated that deputies summoned to the Keller home at 3:30 A. M. January 1 had discovered that gas from a floor furnace under the house had ignited, resulting in a short, jarring explosion which had destroyed a gas meter and scorched a section of the building. Evidence indicated the explosion had been deliberately set off. Asked whether he suspected anyone, Keller named his wife; they had been living apart since December 10. Keller declared he was aroused first at 1 A. M. by the sound of a window screen being removed. Investigating, he found his wife lifting herself through the window and ordered her to leave. He was next awakened by the explosion. Keller said the woman frequently lurked about the house since their separation. Although he charged his wife with having stripped his home of many valuable possessions, which he believed she carted to Crestline, Keller requested that no arrest be made.

A Talk With Eva

"If the poor guy hadn't been so soft-hearted, he'd be alive today," Captain Brown said.

The phone rang. It was the coroner's office. Two revolver slugs had been retrieved from the victim's body, both of .38 calibre.

"I think it's about time we crossed the ice," Brown commented, "and had a talk with 'little' Eve!"

Deputies Denis and Case were elected, arriving in snow-covered Crestline high in the San Bernardino Mountains after dark. The imposing two-story Keller lodge, generally referred to as a "cabin," was located on Rim of the World Drive and afforded a magnificent view of the great citrus and fruit-growing valley spread out far below. But Eve's Cadillac was gone, and so was Eve. Veiled inquiries in the area revealed that her car had been seen parked in front of the lodge around 7:30 Thursday night, and again at two o'clock Friday morning. If the vehicle had been moved in the interim no one could say; and to the investigators, the 6½ hour gap meant more than enough time for Eve to have sped to Los Angeles, slain her mate, and returned.

Eve was found nearby at the home of friends. Age 48 was creeping up on her and the years had mistreated her figure, but she was still attractive and brown-haired, her blue eyes still gay. She was in a flowered print dress and she met the deputies with a smile.

"Oh, you boys wouldn't arrest me, would you?" she demanded flirtatiously. "I know I haven't been speeding or counterfeiting money!"

They escorted her to the office of a local

judge and questioned her carefully. Where was she Thursday night? She was at the lodge, she told them; she didn't go out even for a minute. Did she own a .45 calibre automatic? The question was tricky, designed to lure her into admitting ownership of the .38 revolver which had killed Max. No, she said, she had no such gun. She did possess an antique single-shot pistol and a .22 calibre rifle, both kept at the lodge for protection, although it was doubtful if either worked.

Case broke the news of her husband's murder and she began to weep. To the closely-watching investigators, her tears were of the crocodile variety. There was no real show of grief; the woman was staging an act.

The following day a dozen men canvassed the possible routes Eve might have taken between Crestline and the house of murder. If she had killed Max—and that was an "if" not to be overlooked—then it was possible she or the car might be remembered.

Other deputies went digging into Eve's associations and past. A daughter by an earlier marriage, Mrs. Elsie Keller Petrichella, whom Max had adopted, said her mother "never stopped picking on me"—and two years ago Elsie had broken with her entirely.

Strange Woman

The daughter said her mother was a strange personality, with a mania for helping herself to the possessions of others, hoarding these among her own things although frequently having no use for them. Elsie said her own home had been plundered in this way, despite locked doors. Her mother could get in anywhere.

"Max Keller was a wonderful man," she concluded simply. The sentiment had been mutual, for Keller, in cutting his wife out of his estate, had named Elsie as beneficiary.

Uglier still was the picture of Eve Keller drawn by Barbara May Ellison, an intelligent, pretty girl of 15 who also had been named a beneficiary—possibly, the investigators reasoned after hearing the details, because Max suspected his wife of causing the death of Barbara's eight-year-old brother, Stanley, and wanted to make restitution. The girl's story also definitely linked Eve to a .38 calibre revolver.

According to Barbara, she and Stanley, along with a number of other children, had been placed in the Keller home years before as wards of the Los Angeles courts, with Mrs. Keller appointed temporary guardian to care for them.

The children were beaten often, with any object at hand. Once Barbara was struck in the mouth with a pair of pliers, suffering a shattered tooth.

Eve also brandished a nickel-plated revolver to frighten the group into silence.

Her brother Stanley, Barbara continued, had been wetting the bed, for which he was thrashed severely. One night he emerged from his room crying, "I don't want to wet the bed." Mrs. Keller struck him a terrible blow and the boy slumped to the floor. Eve tried to revive him by placing him in cold water in the tub, then she called a doctor. Stanley was dead. Mrs. Keller relinquished her guardianship later but Barbara stayed on at the Keller home until July, 1946.

On conclusion of the shocking recital, which was substantiated in full, Barbara studied a variety of revolvers of different calibre displayed by the deputies, identifying a .38 with hard-rubber handle as being a duplicate of the one in Eve's possession.

But this further evidence of Mrs. Keller's complex makeup cut no ice in solving the greater mystery of her husband's slaying. The investigation gained momentum. On

February 1 came the first significant break and it was provided by Miss Billie Marie Ervin, a waitress at the Checker Inn Cafe in San Bernardino, within a few miles of Crestline.

All deputies had been issued a print of a photograph of Eve obtained in the house of murder. It was this print which Miss Ervin identified positively as that of the woman who dropped in for a glass of milk and a sandwich at about 8 the night of January 23.

What was unusual was that the woman herself aided the waitress in recalling her presence on that night because the following Wednesday—January 29—she came in with a well-dressed man and approached Miss Ervin.

"Do you remember me?" the woman asked. "I was here at 7:30 last Thursday evening. I left you a quarter tip." When the waitress said she remembered her and the tip, the woman smiled meaningfully, gestured toward the man with her and said, "Oh, it's really nothing. I just wanted to prove to my husband that I was here that night."

To the police, Eve's move was obvious. The man with her was not her husband because Max had been dead a week. Plainly, then, she anticipated it would be learned that she had not been home on the fatal night and was developing a new alibi. But simply establishing her presence in a restaurant at 7:30 P. M. meant nothing. What else had this scheming female hatched up?

Deputies sent to her place learned what it was almost as soon as Eve opened the lodge door and smilingly invited them in.

"Why, you boys are absolutely right—of course I was at the Checker Inn that night. How could I be so confused as to think I'd remained at home! Now everything comes back to me and I can definitely prove I was not in Los Angeles."

After leaving the cafe, Eve explained, she had taken a stroll, then purchased an admission to the Ritz Theater on E Street where she had seen two movies, "The Time, Place and the Girl" and "Decoy." After leaving the theater she missed her scarf, which she had tucked under her seat. This was a few minutes before midnight. Returning to the theater, which had not yet let out, she found the doors locked. She knocked and the manager himself admitted her and she went to her seat and retrieved the scarf.

Rabid Movie Fan

"So you see," she told the deputies, "I couldn't have been in two places at the same time."

She couldn't have—if her story were true. The officers drove down the mountain to San Bernardino and the Ritz Theater, where they talked to the assistant manager, Ralph E. Mauldin. Yes, Mauldin said, he recalled the episode of the scarf distinctly. He himself had opened the locked door and it was as she said—at about midnight on January 23. The woman was a rabid movie fan.

The deputies' faces fell. Eve had outfoxed everybody again!

"But what I don't understand," the theater man was saying, "is her telling you fellows she saw both those pictures. She couldn't have seen 'Decoy.' It played only in the afternoon."

It took perhaps five seconds for that to sink in; then the investigators were grinning at one another. Eve's new alibi had been a piece of genius—except for that one slip. She had been to the Ritz, all right . . . in the afternoon. She had tucked her scarf under her seat. That evening she snacked at the Checker Inn Cafe, drove to Los Angeles, killed Max, then returned to the theater to claim the scarf, making it appear she had just left. By not knowing that "Decoy" hadn't shown that night, she had decoyed her

own plump self into serious trouble!

"One premature move on our part and she'll beat us," Stensland said. "We haven't the gun and without concrete evidence, we haven't a case. Let's give her rope."

Four months later deputies were hastily summoned to the big house on Ramona Avenue. Eve had "something important" to show them. The "something important," which she claimed to have discovered in a kitchen cabinet, consisted of two sheets of paper, both bearing penciled messages and signed by Max Keller.

One, dated immediately before his death, purported to be a will superseding all previous such documents and leaving his entire estate to his wife.

The other, addressed to Eve, warned of an unnamed enemy—a man—who might attempt to kill him.

Sergeant Hopkins accepted the two exhibits with a show of gratitude. Within the hour they were on the desk of handwriting expert John J. Harris for examination.

Several days later Harris presented a detailed study and report. The documents, he said, he was prepared to testify in court were forgeries. Further, an analysis of a sample of Mrs. Keller's script, obtained from the motor vehicle department and other sources, disclosed that she was the forger!

But still the sheriff's department played its patient game of cat and mouse, making no move.

On May 13, 1948 Eve sashayed altars once again, marrying sandy-haired Michael E. Becker, 43-year-old lumberman of Swedish descent who hailed from Northern California and was highly regarded thereabouts. Eve, it was learned, had fainted dead away on Hollywood Boulevard and the strolling Becker gallantly rushed to the rescue—and, apparently, into her roomy heart.

On Monday morning, Oct. 25, 1948, Sheriff James Stocker of San Bernardino teletyped that the Keller lodge had exploded and burned to the ground the night before. Recalling the mysterious floor furnace explosion of almost two years ago, Captain Brown contacted the local office of the National Board of Fire Underwriters and talked at length to Special Agent Sam R. Waugh, who was preparing to look into the Crestline blaze.

Greying, 240-pound former Canadian mountie and one of the U. S.'s ace fire investigators, Waugh poked through the lodge ruins and uncovered a small natural gas heater with its valve set in the "on" posi-

tion. Several tests convinced him the blast preceding the fire could not have disarranged the valve and that it had been turned by hand. But Eve's alibi was foolproof—she and her new spouse had left the lodge Sunday morning and definitely were known not to have returned to Crestline until after the explosion. However, there are numerous ways of improvising timing devices to detonate gas, the devices being incinerated without trace in the ensuing flames. Aware of Eve's dangerous capabilities, the special agent reasoned she had solved the trick.

Eve presented the claim promptly, asking \$12,401 for the loss of furniture and household goods, which included, she said, \$900 in currency tucked in a book; a \$1400 diamond ring given her by Becker and left in a bathroom; a gold nugget owned by him and valued at \$500; as well as several irreplaceable antique pieces.

Waugh began the sort of sleuthing for which he was justly famous. Four miles away, in a cabin in Arrowhead Heights which Eve on October 8 had rented under the name of Bock, he located her furniture, intact. In a smaller cabin on picturesque Rocky Loop Drive, in Crestline, stored in dozens of small cardboard packing boxes, was the remainder of her belongings.

On December 10 the fire prober called Captain Brown to tell him there was enough evidence to place Mrs. Becker behind bars.

"Go right ahead," Brown said cheerfully. "Best news I've heard in two years! It gives us the opportunity we've been looking for."

Pistol Is Found

With Eve, probably the most astonished creature on earth, jailed the next day on Waugh's complaint, charging arson and grand theft, Brown ordered a search of the two storage cabins. It was the snowbound structure on Rocky Loop Drive that provided the payoff. Retrieved from one of the packing boxes piled on a double bed was Max Keller's embossed leather billfold, now empty. But the prize exhibit was a small, hard object lying between mattress and bedspring and wrapped in tissue, two right-handed tan nylon woman's gloves and bound with yarn and galvanized wire. The object proved to be a .38 calibre Smith & Wesson 5-shot hammerless revolver with black hard-rubber handles!

The comparison microscopes quickly determined it to be the weapon that had fired the two slugs removed from Max Keller's

body—but that meant nothing to Eve, who just couldn't account for the gun being under her mattress.

But the woman was trapped at last, whether she admitted it or not.

On May 3, 1949, Eve was found guilty of arson by a San Bernardino jury and nine days later sentenced to the women's prison at Tehachapi for a term of two to 20 years.

With Eve safely stowed away, Captains Brown and Bowers launched a hunt for the one missing link in their circumstantial case—a witness who had seen the woman in possession of the revolver. Barbara Ellison, the young girl who could have testified to that detail, had perished in a plane crash. In March of 1950 the sheriff's men breathed easier. The witness had been found. She was Mrs. Thelma M. Zickert, who was prepared to testify she had seen Eve with the gun—"or one almost identical"—during a visit to the lodge in 1945.

Returned from Tehachapi on May 2 and booked for murder, the rotund, unsmiling prisoner, now nearing 51, pleaded not guilty on arraignment. Outwardly controlled during the seven-day trial, Eve sobbed bitterly when on July 24 Superior Judge Thomas L. Ambrose, who had heard the case without a jury, found her guilty of first-degree murder.

But even as she prepared for sentence, dramatic new evidence of the woman's evil influence was being unfolded at the prison from which she had recently come, and to which she would soon return. Mamie Blake, a blonde inmate scheduled to be released August 1, placed before Miss Alma Holtzschuh, Tehachapi superintendent, a typed document prepared by Eve before the latter's removal to Los Angeles for trial. The unsigned paper, worded in the first person, was a confession of Max Keller's slaying. Mamie's assignment, once on the outside, was to obtain a pair of gunmen who would force a son-in-law of Eve's to affix his signature to the confession!

"She had me hypnotized," Mamie related. "Imagine what that dame wanted me to do!"

Sentenced to life imprisonment, Eve, on August 7, 1950 obtained a stay of execution to September 1, when she was due to take up permanent residence in a desert institution where women are without men, and where the only collectible item is time.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to an innocent person, the name Mamie Blake used in his story is fictitious.



Deputy Sheriff Walker Hannon.



Gun found under mattress.

Murder: 4 Feet 6

(Continued from page 29)

spilling out tenants, sleep befuddled, crazily clad in half-street, half-bed dress.

"Hold 'em back," Lyskoski ordered. "I've got an idea about this thing. It's going to be one of those yard stick murders where an inch here and an inch there can tell us more than a signed statement. I don't want any curiosity seekers lousing up the act."

Nault motioned the other officers in toward him and they held the crowd back while Lyskoski went through the tavern. The drawer of the cash register was still open, just as Long had left it. Every compartment was stuffed with money. Lyskoski pushed it shut with a pencil. He saw two jackets hanging by the door. One was a plaid mackinaw, the other a tan Eisenhower.

"Plaid one's Long's," a man called from the doorway as the captain took note of the two jackets.

"And the other?" Lyskoski asked.

His informant shrugged.

Long's revolver was a .38. Four of his shots had smashed through the window; one slithered over the plaster above the door and ricocheted into the night. "The sixth may have hit the killer," Lyskoski said. He lifted the dead man's gun gingerly. "All six bullets were fired out of this baby. My guess is, Long winged his killer."

Saw Car

Four bullets from a .22 were found in the back of the room, but before Lyskoski had an opportunity to line up the evidence at hand, Detective Claude Dodd came in with a woman. "She's the one who called," he said. "Saw the whole thing from her bedroom window."

"It's not going to mean much," she said apologetically. "I heard the shots. Sounded like dozens of them. Then I saw someone, I don't even know whether it was a man or a woman, run from the tavern. A car started up, circled in the middle of the street, and shot past my house."

"Describe it."

The woman thought it was a Buick. A light colored, two-tone, torpedo type sedan.

"Two men worked this job," Nault said when the woman had finished. "It must have looked like a nice easy touch. Wait for closing time, pull the heist, skip in the getaway car."

"Fred had a surprise for them," Lyskoski said. "A .38 and the guts to use it. One of the holdup men was either waiting in the car, or got scared when the shooting started and fled. The other one was forced to shoot it out. That about wraps it up. But it doesn't give us any steer on the killers."

He rapped his fingers in steady tattoo on the bar's edge as he talked, and studied the pattern of shots in the window. "I've got it," he said finally, calling Detective Jack Allingham over. "Jack, you go out in front. I'm going to act out the killer's role as I see it."

Lyskoski seated himself at the bar, then pointed his finger at an imaginary bartender, backed from the tavern and stood in front of the holes in the window, his arm still outstretched.

"That looks about right," Allingham said.

"Then get out your tape and measure the distance from the pavement to those holes," the captain instructed.

Allingham pulled his steel tape taut from the ground up. "Fifty-four inches to the center of the holes."

"Fifty-four inches," Lyskoski repeated.

"Four feet six. That, my boy, is what our

killer measures to the armpits."

Allingham studied his chief. "Just about your height, boss."

"Right. It's the sketchiest description of a killer I've ever heard, but it's the only one we have. Let's get back to the office."

Before he left, he instructed Nault to check all local hospitals on the chance a bullet-wounded man had turned up. By the time he got back to his office, this angle had paid dividends.

About an hour earlier a man staggered into Harborview hospital with a bullet wound in his cheek and said he'd been shot by a bandit in a downtown holdup. He gave his name as Roy Burnett.

Burnett was a pair of eyes set in a swath of white bandages when the detectives arrived at the hospital. He gave his age as 34 and said he was an unemployed truck driver, living over in Kirkland, across Lake Washington from Seattle.

His face was stiffening up from the wound, but he willingly described what had happened. "I was getting off a bus at Seventh and Pike, going to have a Chinese feed before I started home. I was walking past an alley when a guy stepped out with a rod. I lost my head and started to squawk. I should have known better. I only had five bucks on me and he could have had it. Anyhow, he plugged me."

"How did you get here? It's more than a mile," Lyskoski asked.

"Cab."

"What outfit?"

Burnett shrugged, then grimaced with pain as the movement jarred his wound. "How should I know what outfit?" he said crossly. "I'm shot and you expect me to be choosy about a cab. Pink, green, yellow, hell, man. I don't know."

A trip to Harborview would be recorded if a cabbie had made it and Lyskoski sent his men out to check. Then he turned back to the injured man.

"Don't get flossy, Burnett," he said. "I know you. You're fresh out of Walla Walla. We sent you up on a burglary conviction four years ago."

"That's right. I've been out six months now and I'm going straight."

"Yeah. Straight like a paper plane. Damn funny you get shot just as a tavern keeper is polished off in a gun battle."

Burnett showed big-eyed surprise. "You got me wrong. Look, what kind of a sap do you take me for? If I was mixed up in a caper like that, would I come into a place like this? Get smart, copper. I'd doctor my own cheek before I'd come a cropper like that."

Lyskoski wasn't paying much attention to Burnett's whine. He was studying the man's build. "Stretch out there, fellow," he said.

Burnett looked puzzled.

"Go on. Do as I say. Flatten out."

Burnett slid down in the bed, straight as a rod. Lyskoski pulled his tape from his pocket, fitted it under Burnett's armpit and held it tight against the end of his foot.

"Hey, what the hell..." Burnett sat up in bed. "You measuring me for a coffin? This is just a flesh wound."

"Lie down," Lyskoski snapped. "You'll live, but coffin measurements may be in your near future."

The tape showed 53 inches, on the nose. "Son of a gun," Lyskoski said, half to himself. "I'd have sworn... Shoes. That's it. Shoes would make another inch. Burnett, you're the prettiest four feet six from armpit to heel I've ever seen."

"Cut that out. You're getting ready to hang a rap on me. I don't know what all this stuff with the tape is, but the story I gave you is straight."

"Want to tell me who your pal was?" Lyskoski asked.

"Take it some place else, copper," Burnett

said angrily. "You can't clean up your books by hanging a bum rap on me. I was solo to-night, and keeping clean."

Lyskoski left a guard in the room until a holding charge could be filed, then took his theory to Sheriff Harlan Callahan.

"If the bullet had only stayed in his cheek," Lyskoski said bitterly. "But it skittered off someplace in the street. We'll never find that."

"So, you have to work without it. He's guilty, he never came to that hospital in a cab... and he didn't walk. What's more, the car he came in will be bloodstained."

"You're right," the captain said. "Hospital attendants said Roy was bleeding like a stuck pig."

"I've sent deputies out to the tavern area to question patrons," Callahan said. "Long's new television set was packing them in. If the killers were strangers, someone may remember them."

"Long shots," Lyskoski said disconsolately. "Everything is a long shot."

Newsie Finds Gun

But his discouragement vanished later that day when the murder gun was found and brought into his office. A news vendor on his way home from work had found it lying in the middle of the road.

"A nine shot .22," the police officer said, holding up the gun. "And all chambers empty. This is it."

"It was probably stolen," Lyskoski said. "But check the serial number."

Detective Dodd's canvass of the neighborhood yielded partial success. Long's tavern was a popular spot, and the television set was a real drawing card. But most of the patrons had left by midnight. Dodd found only a couple of neighborhood stragglers who had hung on later.

"Well, did they remember any strangers?" "One. Just one. A fellow in work clothes with a face like a hawk."

"Hawk-faced, hm?" Lyskoski smiled. The last time he'd seen Burnett, Roy looked like an outsized marshmallow, but Lyskoski knew what lay behind those bandages and it wasn't a hawk-face. Burnett had a round, chubby face, the kind nobody would remember. Maybe Hawk-face was his pal.

Lyskoski went into his own office and flipped through the mug files, looking for a sharp featured ex-con. But before he'd even gotten a good start, he was interrupted by the arrival of a man and woman who introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Evans.

"We just heard about the shooting," the man explained. "We were driving along 105th Street about 1 this morning when a man stepped into the street and tried to flag us down. I didn't stop."

"He was holding his hand to his face," the woman explained. "When we got close, we could see he was bleeding. We thought maybe there'd been a car accident, so my husband turned around in the middle of the road and started back to help him. Just then another car pulled up. We were half a block away. The injured man got in the second car and they drove off."

"What kind of car was it?"

"A Buick. Not new."

"Could you identify the man?"

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Evans said. "His face was pretty well covered with his hand."

Once again the trail led back to Burnett. A face wound. But the Evans could not identify the man and the crafty, jail-wise Burnett refused to talk.

Working on the theory that Burnett might have buddied up with a pal at Walla Walla to pull this shooting, Lyskoski checked a list of possibilities sent down from the state prison, but he could find no hawk-faced convict

in the batch. He had to give up that angle. Later that day, the police pawnshop detail reported that the .22 had been pawned two weeks earlier by a man named Allen Timmons who lived over in the Lakehurst project near Kirkland. He had redeemed the gun just four days before the shooting.

"Timmons. Timmons," Lyskoski repeated, when he heard the report. "I know that joker. He served time in Walla Walla, too, on a burglary conviction."

"Our Mr. Hawk-face," Dodd suggested. But he was wrong. Timmons' mug photo showed a definitely pugged nose. The photo, however, was identified by the pawnbroker as the man who had hocked the gun.

"Maybe there were three men in on this caper," Dodds suggested. "Anyhow Timmons is in it up to his neck."

They drove across the bridge to Timmons' home and spoke with his wife.

"My husband isn't here," she said. "He went into Seattle to collect a state unemployment check."

"Was he home last night?" "Yes," she said thinly. "And he's suffering from it today. He stayed up with some friends until after 1 o'clock, playing cards."

Had Timmons coached his wife to set up an alibi? It sounded too pat.

They returned to Seattle and jerked Timmons out of a waiting line in the unemployment office. "We know your record, Timmons," Sheriff Callahan told him. "And we know you pawned a .22 a couple of weeks ago and redeemed it recently."

"That's right," Timmons said.

"Where's the gun now?"

"I don't know. I sold it."

"To whom?"

"Look, sheriff. I haven't done a thing. I've been doing some house painting, but it's rough going for a man out of The Walls. I went broke and needed some dough so I hocked the gun."

"Maybe," Callahan said. "What's the rest?"

Timmons said he'd been talking to a man in a tavern who wanted a gun and agreed to buy his for \$15. "I got it out of hock and sold it. But I don't know who the guy was that bought it."

Callahan produced the .22. "Timmons, this gun killed a man last night. We've traced it this far and unless you can clear yourself better than that you're in a bad spot."

Timmons' only response was a dull stare.

"Come with me," Lyskoski said. "I'm going to take you over to the Harborview hospital to look at a man. Just look at him. Don't say a word."

"Never Saw Him"

Timmons was led into Burnett's room and the detective watched closely as the two men eyed each other. He could see no sign of recognition on the part of either. Timmons was led away.

"Did that man buy your gun?" Lyskoski asked him.

"I never saw him before."

Lyskoski returned to Burnett's bedside. "That man's going to send you to the gal-lows, Roy," he told the sullen ex-con.

"How come? I never saw him before."

"He says he sold you the gun that killed Long." The detective held his breath. Would the ruse work?

"Scram, gumshoe," Burnett snarled. "You're a lousy Sherlock. That trick has whiskers. That guy never saw me before. Beat it, now. I want to catch some sack-time."

Lyskoski left. Timmons and Burnett were either case-hardened actors, or completely in the clear.

"Your wife claims you were playing cards at the project last night," he said to Tim-

mons. "We're going back there and let you prove it."

They walked into Timmons' home unannounced. There was a man lying on the couch.

"Hello, Jack," Timmons said quickly. "Men, this is Jack Britt. He's one of the fellows who played cards here last night."

Lyskoski wasn't even listening. He was fascinated by Britt's face. Here was the hawk-faced suspect. Lyskoski whipped out handcuffs and snapped them on the surprised Britt.

"Well, Mr. Hawk-face," he said. "Seems to me we've met before. You were using a different name."

"I'm Louis Smotherman," the man replied. "Your office sent me up for burglary a few years back."

"This is certainly a cozy little den of thieves," the captain muttered. "You're going back to jail with Timmons. We want you for murder this time, mister."

On the ride back to the station, the captain saw a spot of blood on Smotherman's right ear lobe. "Where'd that come from?"

"Had a nose bleed," Smotherman said.

"Um hm. Take off your jacket. Let's see if you've got any other spots on you."

Reluctantly Smotherman removed his jacket. Under his left arm was a large stain on his sweat shirt.

IT LOOKED LIKE TROUBLE UNTIL . . .

SHOVE OVER YOU TWO! KEEP DRIVIN' HACKY, AND NO FUNNY STUFF!

I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MIN . . . HOLY SMOKE! A STICK UP!

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LEAVING THE OPEN RADIO MIKE ON HIS LAP, JOE REPEATS THE UNSUSPECTING THUG'S INSTRUCTIONS . . .

... GUN MAKES ME NERVOUS

THEY'RE HEADING FOR DEER CANYON ON ROUTE 19, SERGEANT

JOE'S SURE GOT NERVE

... TO HIS GARAGE, WHERE THE SUPERINTENDENT RELAYS THEM TO THE POLICE . . .

MOTHER'S QUITE UPSET. CAN'T YOU GET OUR STATEMENTS LATER?

I'LL TAKE THEM HOME AND COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS

CERTAINLY, MISS BARLOW

YOU'RE FAMOUS, JOE! AND SAY, MR. BARLOW WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AT HIS HOME

GOSH, I DIDN'T SHAVE TODAY. CAN YOU LEND ME A RAZOR?

TWO HOURS LATER

WHAT A SWEET-SHAVING BLADE! MY FACE FEELS GREAT!

WHISKERS DON'T COME TOO TOUGH FOR THIN GILLETTE. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN

I GET MY DEGREE FROM NIGHT LAW SCHOOL NEXT MONTH

H-M-M-M, MY FIRM HAS STARTED MANY A YOUNG LAWYER UP THE LADDER . . .

I DIDN'T REALIZE HE'S SO HANDSOME

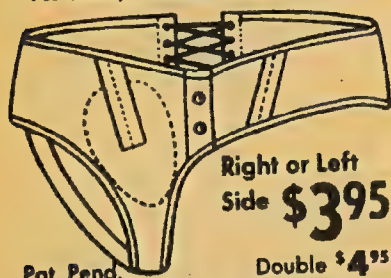
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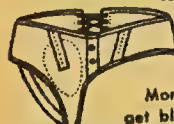
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"Pull it up," Lyskoski ordered Detective Nault.

There was a tiny hole going through the flesh of Smotherman's arm.

"Got clipped in that tavern fracas, hm?" the captain said.

"Don't know anything about it," the man replied. "I stabbed myself with an ice pick."

Callahan whirled on the frightened Timmons: "This man was in your house," he said. "We've got witnesses who will place him at the scene of a murder. Do you want to hang with him?"

Timmons shot a pleading look at Smotherman. "No... no, I don't," he said finally. "I'll talk. That's Burnett's gun. Not mine. When I was broke, he lent it to me to hock. The other day he said he wanted it back and gave me the money to redeem it."

Lyskoski called in a stenographer. These words he wanted on record. "Okay, Timmons, go ahead."

"About 3 o'clock this morning, Smotherman came to my place. He was driving an old Buick. His arm was bleeding and he said he was in a jam. He didn't say what it was. He asked me to let him stay there and to drive the car back to Seattle and ditch it. He'd done me favors, so I agreed."

"Where's the car?"

"Near the sailboat moorage at Leschi."

But Captain Temple, who had a hunch the car would be abandoned near the lake, had already found it and called in his report practically as the suspect was talking.

"All right, Smotherman," Callahan said. "You want to drop that ice pick yarn now?"

"Okay, okay. But I never killed anybody. Roy Burnett and I were out there. I went into the men's room and when I came out, lead was flying in all directions. I was hit. I fell to the floor and waited for the shooting to stop. Then I beat it out the door, jumped in the car and drove off."

A few seconds later he saw Burnett standing in the street with blood on his face. Roy got in the driver's seat and drove to the hospital. He told Smotherman to drive the car over to the Cascades and drop it in the lake. It had been stolen from one of Roy's relatives.

"I pleaded with Roy not to go in the hospital, but he said they'd fall for the holdup story. They wouldn't believe a rod man would have nerve enough to walk into the place for treatment. He said he'd never crack."

Smotherman said he'd driven the car across the bridge but his arm hurt so much that he went to Timmons' house instead of ditching the machine.

"The rest is just as Timmons told it," he finished.

Fingerprints of both Smotherman and Burnett were taken from the stolen Buick. This evidence, along with Smotherman's confession, convinced Burnett he might as well talk.

"That's what comes of having a partner," he said. "If Louie had got rid of that car, you'd never have gotten us."

But Lyskoski, patting the steel tape in his back pocket, knew differently. Meanwhile, he bided his time.

Burnett claimed self-defense. He said he'd gotten into an argument with Long and the bartender called him some names. Burnett reached over the bar and punched Long in the nose. Long had backed away and come up shooting.

Lyskoski smiled at this. He had an ace up his sleeve, but he'd save it for the trial. The time he spent in the tavern on the murder night had not been wasted and a tape measure was a mighty valuable item.

First degree murder charges were filed against Burnett, Smotherman and Timmons in the court of Justice of the Peace William Hoar.

Burnett and Smotherman were brought to trial before Superior Judge Hugh Todd. In answer to Burnett's self-defense plea, Lyskoski took the stand. "There's a beer rack and a rack of glasses between Long and his customers," the captain explained patiently. "The distance is exactly five feet and six inches. It would have been impossible for Burnett to punch Long in the nose."

Burnett's plea fell apart. The jury quickly decreed that Smotherman and Burnett should be returned to their alma mater, Walla Walla, for the rest of their natural lives. Judge Todd imposed that sentence on June 9, 1950, almost six months from the day of the murder.

Timmons' story was accepted as true and he was released. The murder charges against him were dropped.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to a person not involved in the actual murder, the name Allen Timmons, used in this story, is fictitious.



Rack of beer glasses proved boomerang.

Such Nice Boys

(Continued from page 33)

didn't smoke, Rock."

"I got a cook-stove, Sheriff, and it takes matches to light it. I was plumb out. John gave me some out of that box the troopers just took off the floor."

"All right, you needed some matches. You talked with Caldwell around 6. What about?"

"Oh, nothing much. I asked him when he expected his wife back, and if I remember right, he said he didn't know."

"Did he seem to be worried about anything?"

"Nope, not a thing," declared Tettle in positive tones. "He asked me to stay and listen to the radio, but I had to get back."

More important at the moment than reaching out for doubtful suspects was the establishment of a motive. And this didn't look too easy. The botched attempt at burning up the body and the fact that the victim's worn leather wallet, containing \$9.60, was untouched, underlined the possibility of hatred or vengeance.

But further questioning of the neighbors, now clustered in thick groups on the road and around the bungalow, failed to support the vengeance theory. Queen, the grocer, openly scoffed at the idea. "Wasn't nothing like that, I'll bet. It was money, they were after," he declared flatly. "I've heard some of my customers say they wished they had half the money old Caldwell was keeping on his place. Yes, sir, somebody knew his wife was gone and he'd be alone."

"If robbery was the motive, then our killer must be trying to start a new trend," Pelfry remarked to Corporal Pritchard. "Imagine, 8 o'clock in the evening! Why not midnight, why not 1 o'clock, or 2? And he didn't even bother to douse the lamp! There it is, still burning in the alcove."

Pritchard shrugged. "Time would mean nothing if the killer felt there wasn't a chance of being seen."

"What are you talking about?" demanded the sheriff.

The state investigator glanced meaningfully at Tettle, now standing at the edge of his trimly-cut lawn and talking animatedly with two women. "How long," he continued, "would it take a man to run from the rear of this place to the rear of the adjoining cottage? And do you think a man who never smokes would run out of matches?"

The two officials walked over to Tettle and said they would like to talk to him again. He promptly fell in step and they moved off to one of the police cars.

"Let's sit down and be comfortable, Rock," Pelfry told him affably, but his sharp blue eyes raked the stocky neighbor.

Tettle blew their latent suspicions sky-high within five minutes after the questioning began. "I know my being there just before he got killed looks bad," he admitted. "And my wanting to borrow some matches—that sounds like a hoax. But it's the gospel truth, Sheriff," he asserted earnestly. "Besides, when the fire broke out, me and my wife were down at Jeff Harley's place, looking at a new washing machine he'd bought. You can ask him."

They did, quickly enough, and Harley, a railway switchman of unblemished reputation, confirmed his statement. "Gosh, they must have been here at least 30 minutes before the fire broke out," added Mrs. Marley.

"Rock," said Pelfry, "I'm sorry we had to—"

"You had your duty, Sheriff," cut in Tettle. "You don't have to apologize to me. But

ever since I saw John lying there on the floor I've been trying to think of everything that happened today—anything to help you clear up this hellish killing. I've tumbled my brains around until I feel like I'm wrung dry.

"There's only one thing—yesterday evening I dropped over and there was a nice-looking, blond-haired fellow sitting in the parlor. I didn't stay very long, but when I came in, this fellow got up and went into the kitchen. He never came back out."

"You recognize him?" asked Pritchard.

Tettle sucked air through his teeth and then said: "I'm not sure, but I think it was a grand-nephew of his, fellow by the name of Martin that lives over in East Lynn."

The officials let Tettle out at his home, then drove to East Lynn, a tiny hamlet perched on a gentle slope, its cluster of white cottages and rambling frame homes pillared on cedar posts. Brief inquiry convinced them they were looking for a youth by the name of Bernie Martin, and that he was the 17-year-old scion of one of the most respectable families in the town. In a matter of moments Pritchard braked the car before a neat, two-story frame house. Yellow light poured from a bay window onto the green, close-cropped lawn. The two investigators strolled up the walk.

An attractive, middle-aged woman, holding a newspaper in one hand, answered their knock promptly. "Bernie? Why, he went in to Wayne to see a play at the high school."

Questioned, the woman revealed that her family seldom visited Caldwell, but attributed this to no particular reason. Something always intervened, and they hadn't seen him in some time. No, she was unable to give any information as to who might have wanted to murder him. It just seemed incredible. As for Bernie, he had left around 7 o'clock with Walter Copley and Ervin Caldwell to see the play at Wayne High School. He might have visited his grand-uncle yesterday, but certainly he could not have done so that evening.

By now Pelfry began to wonder whether he was wasting time. Actually there were more tangible measures to pursue—questioning Mrs. Caldwell; sifting the unsavory characters and ex-convicts now being rounded up by several deputies and Henry Wellman, the taciturn, exceedingly capable special investigator for the state prosecutor; canvassing filling-stations, roadside taverns, motels, and other establishments where a blood-flecked stranger, perhaps smelling of kerosene, might have been spotted. These were the tactics that usually paid off—the persistent, slogging hunt for a witness who, caught off-guard, might come through with a genuine lead.

Caldwell's elderly widow, arriving from Huntington, was interviewed by the officials. In view of the appalling shock to which she had been subjected, they made it brief. But there was little need to draw matters out. She dismissed their questions about possible enemies by bursting out angrily: "Nobody would dare kill him just because they hated him. Not John! I know what they were after—wait a minute."

She arose from the settee and walked with vigorous steps to an ancient gramophone cabinet sitting nearby. Pulling out several battered albums, she reached inside. Her hands groped frantically. Then she straightened. "I thought so—his money, it's gone!"

Just how much money her husband kept there she did not know but ventured it was well over a thousand dollars. The bills, in small denominations, were usually kept in a narrow, black box, with a hinged top.

Once back at his office in the red-brick courthouse at Wayne, Pelfry checked on the progress made by other county and state investigators.

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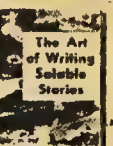
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Although no formal autopsy report had yet been rendered, Horne revealed that the physician selected for the task had discovered that beside the skull-smashing blow, Caldwell had suffered three additional wounds—a deep cut over his left eye, a gash over his forehead, and one on his left cheek. These were comparatively slight, and the only significance Pelfry could attribute to this finding was that Caldwell had succeeded in warding off the initial blows of his attacker before going down from a lethal blow on the back of his skull.

But before starting anything else Pelfry ordered one of his deputies to hurry to Wayne County High School. He glanced at his watch. "It's just a few minutes before 11 P. M., and that play should still be going on. Pick up Bernie Martin, Walter Copley, and Ervin Caldwell and bring them here," he ordered.

Pelfry then strode down the hall to Henry Wellman's office. Wellman, the special investigator, a slight, balding individual whose mild manner belied a rapier-like mind and an intense purposefulness wherever crime cropped up, was busy questioning a bull-necked youth dressed in stained khakis. Pelfry recognized him as a former member of the "rocking chair" brigade—composed of those few ex-G. I.'s who preferred to take things easy while Uncle Sam rendered unemployment checks. Even after his windfall had expired, he continued to avoid anything as exhausting as honest labor. He had been arrested twice—once on suspicion of robbing a filling-station, and once on a charge of car-theft. He had been released on both counts for lack of evidence.

Apparently there was little to encourage Wellman's suspicions that he might be tied in with the Caldwell killing, for the investigator soon nodded to an aide and said wearily: "Okay, give him his stuff back and let him go."

Wellman turned to the sheriff as the two moved out, and he shook his head. "Another blank. Like all the rest of 'em. They didn't know Caldwell, haven't been in Kiaksville in weeks, or they were having supper with Aunt Susie when he was murdered. There's a chance one of 'em is lying, but there's been no indication of it. Of course, we'll have to check their statements before we can say they're clean lilies."

Barely had the suspect shuffled out before a deputy ushered in two youths, accompanied by two attractive, wide-eyed girls. Pelfry shot an inquiring glance at his deputy, who explained: "They insisted on coming along, so I let 'em."

"That's quite right," one of the girls put in spiritedly. "If Walter is in trouble I want to know about it. I heard about this murder and it's ridiculous to think he could know anything. He was with me all evening."

"Well, now, Miss, everything you say may be exactly so, but let's get a few things straight," put in Pelfry. "Which one of you is Walter?"

She pointed to a tall, brown-haired youth, who appeared bored by the whole proceeding. He nodded, said his full name was Walter Copley and that he lived in the Twelvepole section.

The other youth, hazel eyes reflecting a sort of alert interest in what was coming next, gave his name as Ervin Caldwell, and said he lived at Midkiff.

"Caldwell?" echoed Wellman. "You any kin to a man by the name of John Caldwell?"

"Yes, sir, he was my grandfather. I just heard about his getting killed. That was a terrible thing—just about floored us. But I can't understand why we were brought here."

"When you've got a murder on your hands, son, anybody's information is worth hearing. He was your grandfather—maybe you can tell us something."

Caldwell shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't. I hardly ever saw him. We weren't close at all."

"I see. Now, where is Bernie Martin—thought he was supposed to go to the play with you?"

"He did," cut in Copley. "We couldn't find five seats together, so we four sat at one side of the auditorium, and Bernie sat in the middle. We were supposed to meet at the fountain after it was over, but before we could, your deputy said we had to go to the courthouse."

Pelfry glanced inquiringly at his deputy, who explained that he had tried to find Martin but had been unable to.

"Wonder what became of him," murmured Pelfry, turning back to the group. "You girls are sure you saw him?"

Copley's "date" failed to answer, and her companion, a clear-eyed, soft-voiced teenager dressed in a light green sweater and white skirt, remarked: "We didn't exactly see him, but I remember Walter waved to him and said we'd meet at the fountain after the play was over."

"I see. By the way, what was the name of the play?"

"It was Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Kind of stiff, if you ask me. My English teacher said I'd get extra credit if I went."

Pelfry, who quickly recalled that he, too, had once struggled through the morbid piece



Jailer Andy Barbour shows sawed bars that failed to give release.

of vengeance and counter-vengeance in his English class, smilingly agreed that Shakespeare could be tough sledding. He thanked the youngsters and told them they were free to go.

As they trooped out, Wellman looked at Pelfry quizzically. "I'd say you indulged in a lot of needless palaver with those kids—except that a hunch tells me you weren't. What's the nub?"

Pelfry shrugged. "I was thinking about Bernie Martin—that he was just as much of a ghost as the one in that play. He was supposed to be there, and yet he wasn't. At last, nobody saw him but Copley."

"Probably got bored and sneaked out for a bit of close harmony with a girl," commented the prosecutor's aide.

Pelfry sighed. "Could be as simple as that. After all, if he left with the other two boys and witnessed the play for even five minutes, he couldn't possibly have been at the murder scene. On the other hand, I didn't like Copley's attitude. Looked to me as though he was acting bored but was really scared stiff."

"Probably so," assented Wellman. "But what kid relishes being hauled in by the cops? He was shaken, I don't doubt, but was trying to make a show before the girls."

Nevertheless it wouldn't hurt to check in three later if nothing else develops," Pelfry decided.

As the hours rolled by, it began to appear that nothing else would, and that Caldwell's murder would soon be tangled in the threads of a dozen vague, meandering leads, such as Boyne's yearning for four dollars and his subsequent failure to get it from the victim.

Then, shortly after daybreak, a froth of excitement was churned up when Huntington detectives reported the arrest of a man who claimed that he resided at Queen's Ridge, just a short distance from the murder scene. The suspect, giving his name as Robert Lacey, had been picked up as he sought to wheedle the operator of a third-rate hotel into giving him a room until "his pal came back with the money." He had been partially intoxicated, and his shirt was literally splattered with blood.

Wellman and Pritchard sped into Huntington, 13 miles north of Wayne.

Pritchard took one look at the seedy, hump-shouldered suspect brought before him and felt that the trip was a bust. Even if given the element of surprise, he doubted that Lacey, a slight, five-foot-six man, his hands now trembling violently in an alcoholic aftermath, could have wielded the crushing blow on Caldwell's skull.

Lacey crystallized his doubts in short order. He revealed that he had gotten the blood on his shirt in a brawl at a local tavern, precipitated after he had repeatedly insulted a trucker sitting nearby. "I was full of liquor, and when I'm like that I get crazy," he whined. "But I don't know nothing about any murder."

Although he had some difficulty remembering the name of the tavern where the fracas took place, a brace of detectives ran the spot down and his statement was verified as being substantially true. However, still interested in his "pal with the money," the detectives held him for further investigation on a disorderly conduct charge.

It was approaching noon, and the Wayne officials were about to depart when a Huntington partolman, assigned to a scout car, strolled in. Upon learning they had come to Huntington to explore a lead in the slaying now being headlined in the morning editions as the "torch murder," he commented:

"Well, I don't know if this will help but was just chiming with a cab-driver friend. Says he picked up a kid last night that had a roll of bills about as thick as his arm. Picked him up in front of the bus station and

took him across the Ohio line into Ironton."

"A kid—in front of a bus station?" echoed Wellman. "What did he look like?"

The patrolman said that was all he'd been told but he would gladly take them to the cabbie.

They found the cab driver without any difficulty. "Yeah," he said, "the kid peeled off a tenner from a roll, and said like he was a banker: 'I'm sorry, but this is the smallest I have.' And he couldn't have been over 16—nice-looking kid, talked like he was smart as a whip and came from rich people. But still that roll didn't look normal on him."

"Where did you take him?"

"To Ironton. He gave me an address, but I didn't catch it. I asked him again. He said, 'Never mind, drop me off anywhere downtown.' And that's just what I did."

"He was young, and he talked well, but how did he look?" prodded the sheriff.

"Well, he was blond, had a kind of a baby-face, and if I remember right, was dressed in brown gabardine pants, had on a white sport shirt, and a light brown sport jacket."

After jotting down the cabbie's name and thanking him, the trio went back to Huntington headquarters. Here Sheriff Pelfry telephoned to Constable C. J. Frazier, stationed in the town of East Lynn, and requested him to go immediately to the home of Bernie Martin and see if he was there. "And call me back as quick as you can," he added.

"It may be another bust," commented Pelfry as he hung up. "But the cab-driver's description tallies remarkably with a blond kid that was supposed to be attending a play when the murder took place. And right now I'm getting a tall hunch he was miles away from that play."

Another Lead Fizzles

Within a comparatively short while, Frazier's metallic voice was rasping over the wire: "He's there all right, polishing a pair of shoes. Said he'd been home all night. Said he was nowhere near Ironton last night. Anything else?"

Pelfry, face dark with disappointment, said wearily: "Nope, nothing else."

The two drove back to Wayne in a pall of gloom. Arriving in the county seat, they found little there to lift their spirits. State investigators, under Pritchard's directions, had failed to uncover any further leads or suspects in an intensive canvass of numerous taverns, filling-stations, and restaurants. Several of Pelfry's deputies, assigned to the task of checking on the alibis of the ex-cons and unsavory characters hauled in the night before, reported that no marked discrepancies had cropped up to warrant particular interest.

By morning of the next day it appeared that the unsolved file was extending open arms for the brutal murder of Caldwell. Pelfry, who had been going over the case with Pritchard and Wellman, all the while staring moodily at a wall map in his office, suddenly arose and walked over to the rectangle. His finger moved across it, and he said: "We've checked all along Route 52 and 37, and found nothing. But a killer could have made his way down to Harts, then taken Route 10 to Huntington—"

"We checked that, too," interrupted Pritchard. "No dice."

Pelfry turned around. "That's not exactly what I'm getting at: I've been thinking about that nice kid with a lot of money—the one that blew into Huntington."

"Bernie Martin?" asked Wellman slowly.

Pelfry turned around. "It's about 44 miles from Harts to Huntington. From there it's 14 miles to Ironton if you take the bridge across to Chesapeake, a little more by way of Ashland. But whichever way you take,

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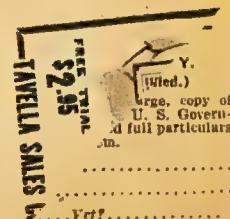
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the entire round trip could be made, by bus and taxi, within four or five hours. Anyone living within ten miles of Caldwell could have murdered him, gone to Ironton, then returned before daybreak."

"That, of course, adds up to Bernie Martin, but what about his alibi," demanded Wellman, "Copley and Caldwell being with him, and the girls seeing one of 'em wave to him in the auditorium?"

Pelfry reached for his hat. "Right now I'm thinking they were doing more acting than the players on the stage," was the sheriff's retort. "Come on, we'll have another talk with Copley and Caldwell. I think it would be better if we dropped in on 'em, rather than bring them here again."

But if Pelfry was seeking the psychological advantage of a sudden appearance, he was doomed to disappointment. Neither of the youths was at home. And since the day was Saturday, they could hardly be at school. But what aroused Pelfry's interest was the duplicate report that each had stayed overnight with friends in Wayne. Could this be a contrived excuse to their unsuspecting parents—covering up for a meeting with Martin to compare notes?

The investigators drove on to the home of Bernie Martin, a short distance away.

Somewhat to Pelfry's undisguised surprise, a handsome, blond-haired youth, dressed in a white T-shirt, greeted them pleasantly from the porch as they strolled up the cement walk. He appeared neither curious nor fearful when informed that they would like to talk to him. Unwilling to subject him to needless embarrassment in case they were barking up the wrong tree, Pelfry decided to take him to his office at Wayne.

There was little conversation during the short trip to the courthouse. Once Martin, his thick-lashed blue eyes frankly inquisitive, said: "Gosh, Sheriff, you look awfully sad. I guess you want to know things about my grand-uncle's murder but I think you're wasting time. I could have told you that back at the house."

"Maybe I am, son, but we'll have that little talk any way," responded the sheriff.

Soon, legs crossed in a relaxed posture, his whole manner calm yet alert, Martin was facing a circle of tired but grimly intent officials.

"Bernie," began Sheriff Pelfry, "I under-

stand that on the night Caldwell was murdered, you were at a play here, at the high school."

"Yes, sir, that's correct."

"What was the name of that play?"

"*Hamlet*," was the prompt response.

"Had you studied or read *Hamlet* in your classes before?"

Martin hesitated visibly and then said: "No sir. *As You Like It* is the only Shakespeare play we've had so far."

"I see. Bernie, what's *Hamlet* about?"

The finely-chiseled lips tightened but then broke into a quick smile. "Oh, it's about a prince, the Prince of Denmark, who comes back home and learns his father's been murdered and then decides to avenge his death."

"Very good," approved Pelfry. "I had to struggle through *Hamlet* myself when I was in school, and there's a line in it that stuck in my mind. It goes like this: 'The play's the thing wherein we'll trap the conscience of the king.' You remember that, Bernie?"

The youth hesitated again and then nodded: "Yes, I do."

Pelfry leaned forward. "Fine! You've got a good memory. Now suppose you tell me how *Hamlet* ended."

The smile seemed to wither on the handsome youth's face. He hesitated once more but now he faltered: "How it ended? Why, he avenged his father and became king."

"You're wrong, Bernie, dead wrong! You didn't see that play after all, did you?" lashed out Pelfry. "This whole jabber about going to the high school play is a pack of lies! It was supposed to be a clever alibi, wasn't it? Copley and Caldwell waved to you at the play, and probably at that moment you were crushing in Caldwell's skull. Why? Was it the money?"

No Denial

The blue eyes were now cold and expressionless, and Pelfry anticipated a quick denial. But after a moment of tense quiet, Martin said quietly: "Yes, sir, that was exactly it. I thought it a shame my grand-uncle should hoard so much money. I decided to get it. Somehow we slipped up. It's really too bad. I had several jobs lined up that would have earned us a lot of money."

Calmly, detachedly, as if he were explaining a logarithm problem in his high school class, Martin revealed that he, Copley, and



Officials question men who found victim's burned body.

Ervin Caldwell had entered into a "business-like agreement," whereby an average number of two crimes a month would be pulled. After the Caldwell killing they had planned the robbery of a finance company in nearby Ashland and the kidnapping of a bank president's son in Huntington.

"I had already done most of the planning for these two jobs, and we were supposed to carry them out as soon as summer vacation began," he said matter-of-factly.

He freely admitted that he had never attended the play, and that Copley and Caldwell had been drilled and rehearsed in their elaborate alibi. He said he had been the blond youth with the thick roll of bills who had caught a taxi from Huntington to Iron-ton, and explained that he was on his way to visit a sister, where he intended to cache the money. But hardly had he gotten into the city when he concluded that it was too risky being seen by his sister after contriving the high school play alibi, and so he promptly caught a bus back home. Later, he kept \$160 from the loot, gave the rest to Copley, and instructed him to conceal it under a rafter of an unfinished addition in the home of Copley's fiancée.

"You'll probably find Copley there now. He's crazy about her. And maybe Caldwell will be there, too," Martin told them.

Money Is Found

Pelfry, Horne, and Pritchard sped to the designated spot—a modest white-shingled bungalow perched on a hill overlooking the town. Sure enough, they found both of the youths there. They were placed under arrest and taken to the sheriff's car, where they watched in sullen silence as Horne and Pritchard searched in the cinderblock addition of the bungalow. Observing that they were meeting with failure, Pelfry started to demand the money's whereabouts when Copley growled: "Tell 'em to look at the far end of that flat-side beam."

Within a few minutes Horne came back carrying a crumpled newspaper. In it were a stack of greenbacks. A later check revealed the sum to be \$1220.

Not quite two months later, on July 5, 1949, Bernie Martin was placed on trial for his life in the Wayne County Courthouse. The proceedings were brief, and early the following day the blond killer, who had believed he was clever enough to concoct fool-proof crimes by the use of fanciful alibis, was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Copley was placed on trial December 7, and after a similarly quick trial, was also given life imprisonment. Shortly after his conviction he and Martin were removed to the Cabell County jail at Huntington. On New Year's Day, as the prisoners were marched in to breakfast, Martin made a daring break. Using a revolver which he had in some manner obtained, he forced the lone keeper to give up the jail keys. He called to Copley to make the break with him, but the latter declined with bitter advice: "You make the show alone this time, smart guy!"

Martin sneered, "Yellow!" and then took Eddie Cravens, a hardened criminal, along with him. They were both captured four days later, weak from hunger and exhaustion in trying to evade the state's most intensive manhunt in years.

As for Erwin Caldwell, he is yet to be tried. He has indicated he will repudiate his confession and will contend that he was not a member of the criminal alliance. His guilt or innocence will be established at an early date.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Roscoe Tittle, Leland Boyne and Robert Lacey, used in this story, are fictitious.

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While a Killer Slept

(Continued from page 31)

to the oven-hot garret and changed into his work clothes and went out to find his dad. "You been to a movie?" his dad asked.

"Naw," said Willie. He'd been sent to Holland to get some teat plugs for their cow, but that was four hours ago. His pa scowled at him but it was too hot to argue. He went back to honing their plow and Willie held it for him. He got a good grasp, away from the file, and was able to run through the whole train-wreck sequence before his dad rapped his knuckles with the file.

"Quit yer dreamin'," he said. "We got work to do."

The Godseys lived about a half-mile from the St. Louis-San Francisco railroad line, and five miles above the Arkansas-Missouri border. Most people called the company The Frisco, it ran freight and passenger trains between St. Louis and the west coast, running south out of St. Louis along the Mississippi as far as Cape Girardeau, where one line branched west while the other continued south through Sikeston, past Steele and Holland and into Arkansas. Willie hadn't given their trains much thought, before, but now he began to listen to the whistles. What if one should crack up while he was listening? He thought about that and was always little disappointed when the distant whistle faded away.

On Sunday, July 9, he heard one whistle during dinner. He decided to go down and watch it go by. He gulped his dessert of corn pone and molasses, got up from the kitchen table and walked away. His parents didn't ask where he was going. His sister, too, remained silent. Willie was a queer one, but as long as he did his work he could do as he pleased.

He saw the white smoke of a train puffing out of Steele to the north and he broke into a lumbering trot to get to the tracks before it went by. He made it, and stood panting in the dirt of the crossing. He stepped back a little as the locomotive hissed by, then he moved in as close as he could to fill his ears with the sound of the wheels on the track. He was only a couple of feet away when the caboose passed, and a brakeman, riding the platform, shouted at him angrily. Willie didn't hear him. He stepped over on to the ties and took a few paces after the train, his eyes closed and his head back in the air, sniffing like a dog. He followed the track a ways to a signal light and a siding, then cut over the right-of-way and up a small embankment where he could sit down and wait. There'd be another train along soon. Three hours passed, but he didn't mind. When he was alone he could fill his mind and time with visions. It was worth the waiting when he heard it whistle and saw the big round steel snout poke its way around the bend.

He stayed there the rest of that day, even a little after dark. It was wonderful, then, when the bright headlights transformed the rails into thin strips of shining silver. In the rush of sound, the roar of metal on metal, he could almost feel as he did when he imagined the train wrecks at home in bed. Walking back along the dark, narrow dirt road he was conscious of deep pleasure in the afternoon, but he felt it so faintly that he didn't recognize it as the birth of an idea, the wish that something might have happened.

He didn't associate himself with an actual wreck, then. He just thought how much more

exciting it would have been if the switch had been thrown and he could have seen in actuality the event that had thrilled him on the screen. It was identical to the setup the Dalton gang had. There was the freight siding, just below the signal lights. What happened when they shunted a freight train over to let a flyer through? Did the lights change? By golly, he'd come back some time and see.

At times ideas are born as gently as that. Willie never knew when the transition took place from mere curiosity to a real plan. If it had struck him suddenly, he might have discarded it with horror, but the image of a train wreck had become so familiar a part of his consciousness that he accepted it naturally. He only knew that one morning he awakened with the knowledge that some day he was going to wreck a train. As soon as this fact became established, the wrecks that he conjured up in his mind seemed puny; they no longer carried him to the peak of a thrill. But lying in bed at night he began listening to the Frisco's train whistles with a definite and pleasurable anticipation.

The following Sunday he left home right after breakfast. When he got to the tracks he walked down to the switch and inspected it carefully. It was just an ordinary throw lever. If you moved it as far as it would go, it shifted the rails so that a train coming down the main track would turn off on the siding. It was locked with a heavy padlock and chain. He went back up on the bank and waited. A train went by and he watched the signal lights overhead change color. When a freight stopped before the switch about noon he was so excited that he chewed at his raw-boned knuckles. When the brakeman swung down from the first car, Willie flattened himself against the grass and watched.

Willie Learned How

The trainman unlocked the padlock and threw the switch. The freight puffed on to the siding and the man threw the switch back. In a few minutes a passenger train came around the bend and roared past them. The switch was thrown again, the freight backed out, the brakeman lifted the lever over and padlocked it down. Then he climbed back on the train and it chugged away.

Willie drew a deep breath. Now he knew how to do it. He waited all the rest of that day until another passenger train went by, so fast that the wind of its passing moved his short, black hair. Boy, he thought. How would that one look, jumping into the air and rolling over and over?

The next week seemed long. He could hardly get to sleep nights, now that he knew he was going to wreck a train. On Thursday afternoon his dad went to town and Willie ran for the tracks as soon as the old car pulled out of the barnyard. He'd waited as long as he could stand it.

He walked up to the siding switch, picked up a rock and began to hammer at the padlock. He pounded it until the rock disintegrated but it hardly made a dent in the metal. He found another rock, but that one broke, too. He was so engrossed that he didn't hear a north-bound freight until it was a hundred yards away. Then he leaped up and ducked into the cornfield. His fingers were sore and bruised; when the train passed he crept out of the field and went home.

On Friday he thought of his dad's toolbox. He found it in the barn and pulled out a rusty hacksaw. He hid it under the mattress in his room.

He had planned to wait until Sunday, but late Saturday afternoon his dad and ma decided to go into town. Even as he watched them drive away, he began to shiver with excitement. He ran upstairs, got the hack-

saw and went down to the tracks. When he got there he didn't waste any time. He knelt by the switch and began to saw the padlock. The hacksaw blade was so dull that it took a long time even to wear a shiny groove in the metal. By the time he finished he was panting and drenched with sweat, but he reached down and threw the switch. He watched the rails move over and align themselves with the siding track.

He picked up a handful of rocks and with the third one broke the signal light. He threw the hacksaw into the cornfield beside the tracks. Jittery with excitement, he crawled back up the embankment.

He lay full length on the grass, overlooking the scene. This was Saturday, July 22, three weeks to the day since he'd seen "The Dalton Gang." The sun went down and twilight settled like haze on the wooded Missouri hills. The bugs came out and zzzz'd around him and it got darker and darker. His big ears were cocked for a distant whistle, but it didn't come. When the last light faded from the sky and the woods grew black, he peered around nervously; what were those queer sounds? He remembered scenes from jungle pictures, where big snakes slithered and jaguars crept belly-low on padded feet to within striking distance of their prey. A pine cone fell from a tree and a cottontail, searching for green shoots, rustled the dry leaves.

Willie leaped to his feet, too scared to run. He walked stiff-legged with fear back to the crossroads; as soon as he felt the hard dirt road under his feet he started to run. The snakes and wild animals chased him right up to the shack and he crossed the rickety porch with one jump. He forgot them as soon as he saw his mother and dad.

"Where you been?" his dad asked.

"Walkin'," he said, and yawned. He was suddenly sleepy. He climbed up to his garret room and went to bed. He remembered the thrown switch vaguely, but he couldn't awaken the enchantment of a train wreck. He was too tired, so he went to sleep.

Engineer Ike Woods, at the throttle of the Frisco Memphis, looked through the glass windguard at the headlights flowing smoothly ahead of his train. It's a honey of a night, he thought. Little towns jumped out of the darkness at intervals. He pulled the whistle cord as they approached a crossing. The ting-ting-ting of the warning bells were

loud for a second, then faded away. He looked over at Fred Surman, his fireman, and grinned. They lived in the small town of Chaffee, Mo., and were good friends. The cab of a locomotive was a mighty companionable place with one of them feeding the big steel monster the power that the other passed along to the pounding wheels.

They left the Mississippi at Luxora and headed north through the dark hills towards Blytheville. The Missouri line was only 15 miles away. He and Fred had coffee from their thermos bottles in the Blytheville station while the mail was unloaded. By the time they got to Yarbrough near the border they had regained their speed. They roared into Missouri and Ike peered out to catch the whistle signal for Holland.

"It's a pretty night," he hollered to Fred. They were the last words he ever said.

Disaster Strikes

The big engine lurched suddenly as if it had struck the side of a mountain. Ike Woods' head cracked like an eggshell on the window ledge and Fred shot across the floor and crumpled against the cab wall. The mammoth mass of charging metal reared into the air at 50 miles an hour, shaking and shuddering as it turned, and landed on its side along the right-of-way then rolled over and over into a field. For a second its bright headlight stabbed at the waving cornstalks, then it winked out as if the engine itself had died. Engineer Woods was thrown through the doorway and lay beneath tons of hot steel. Surman, ricocheting from floor to ceiling, was still conscious and when the steam from the torn pipes hit him he began to scream. Two baggage cars turned over and two passenger cars were derailed. When the hysterical passengers fought their way out, all they could see was the fire around the locomotive and the glitter of settling dust.

A half-mile away Willie Godsey stirred in his sleep.

Within an hour ambulances and law officials converged on the scene of the wreck. Pemiscot County Sheriff E. Claxton with Deputy Jack Kelly drove down from Caruthersville, Mo., and Police Chief John Foster arrived from Blytheville, Ark., leading several ambulances.

Fireman Surman was still screaming, but



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Police Chief Foster questions Godsey's father and sister.

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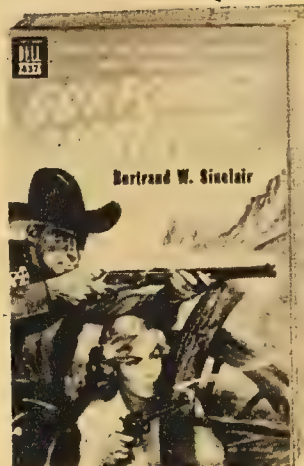
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Bill Parsons, ruthless cattle king in Montana, plans to crush anyone who opposes or has opposed his quest for more land and more cattle. His vast power is checked only by the Starks, a rival family of cattlemen. Caught in the middle of violent range warfare between the Starks and his father is young Brock Parson. Disowned by his father for standing against senseless killing, hated by the Starks for the name he bears, Brock fights a lonely battle for justice in territory where the six-shooter is the only judge and jury.



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weaker now. He had managed to drag himself away from the jets of live steam and had torn his clothes off in a frenzy of pain. His legs and the lower part of his body was a great white blister. They lifted him out of the cornstalks, where he had dragged himself, and laid him gently in an ambulance. Twelve passengers, suffering injuries, were driven away, too. It was after dawn before they dug the flattened body of Engineer Woods from under the hot locomotive. As the ambulances were pulling away, Frisco Special Agents Parker, Kelsey, Evans and Cummings arrived to begin their investigation of the wreck.

The cause, of course, was determined immediately. The siding switch had been thrown, the signal light broken and the cut padlock, with its chain, lay in the cinders. The area was roped off from visitors, including curiosity seekers from as far away as Caruthers, to the north, and the Blythesville area down in Arkansas. Farm folk from nearby Holland and Steel were the first ones there, and among them was Willie Godsey.

He'd been awakened by neighbors pounding at the shack door. He'd heard someone holler, "Train wreck!" and, for a moment, he had difficulty distinguishing reality from his dream. When his dad got up and lighted the lamp he knew it was real enough—he kicked at his thin sheet and his feet hit the floor. His hands shook as he put on his clothes and he left his dad still dressing and ran out of the house. He could see the crowds and the burning locomotive as he pounded down the road.

He was wildly excited, but so was everyone else. He climbed up to his embankment and gloated over the scene. It was just the way he'd pictured it. The engine, still giving off little trails of steam, had plowed into the dirt, gouging up mounds of soil. He wished with all his might that he had seen it, and when he closed his eyes he could. He could even hear the clang and scream of agonized steel. He clambered down and joined the crowds again, towering over almost every one there.

"They say there wasn't enough left of the engineer to tell he was human," a neighbor said.

"And the fireman was burned so bad he may not live."

"I heard him hollerin'," another added proudly. "I come over as soon as I heard the wreck."

"The steam got 'im," he added. "Near burned him up alive."

Suddenly Willie Godsey got sick. He walked over to a pile of old cross ties and sat down and held in his stomach. One man burned? Another dead?

He hadn't thought about that.

Why, then, he'd killed a man! All he ever envisioned was a locomotive jumping into the air—he forgot that engines carried men. He began to shake.

He got up and walked slowly down to where he'd seen a heavyset man with a badge talking to some other men. He had to know what they were saying. He stood at the edge of the group and listened. All they talked about was schedules and when the train before the Memphian had passed, and he couldn't wait.

"Who did it?" he blurted.

Sheriff Claxton looked at him queerly.

"We don't know," he said. There was a pause. "You live around here?"

"Thataway," said Willie. He pointed over the hill. Then, uneasy he turned and stumbled away.

"Who's that?" Frisco Agent Evans asked. None of them knew. Evans returned to his figures. He lived in Chaffee, Mo., where Woods and Surman came from. He'd known them both a long time.

Willie started to walk up the road

towards home, but he came back. He was scared, now. He hadn't meant to kill anybody. He wandered among the crowd, his face white and worried and wherever he saw a group of people, he wandered over until he could hear what they said. Everybody knew, now, that it hadn't been an accident. They called the person who did it a murderer and a killer, and Willie got sicker and more scared because he knew they were talking about him. A neighbor noticed his expression.

"What's the matter, Willie?" he asked. "You sick?"

Willie nodded weakly.

"You go on home," the man advised. "This ain't no sight fer kids."

Willie nodded and stumbled away.

The Frisco special agents and the local and county officers got together about noon, squatting on their heels in the cornfield beside the engine. They had learned from their schedules that the last northbound train before the Memphian had been a freight in the middle of the afternoon. The lock had been cut and the switch thrown any time between then and early Sunday morning when the Memphian came by.

It was suggested that it was probably a local man, someone with a grudge or maybe even a suit against the SL-SF. The agent would check their files. They considered the possibility of a maniac, but there wasn't much they could check on that. There wasn't anybody nuts enough to wreck a train in that area that the local officers knew. They had sent the padlock and chain and the switch lever to be checked for fingerprints, but there was slim chance that the guilty person had ever been fingerprinted. Lots of the back-country folks never had. They had found a couple of footprints in the roped-off area around the switch, but they were so faint that all they indicated was that they'd been made by a big man. The agents questioned everybody who came down to view the wreck, and there were hundreds, but no one could give them a clue.

Their break came when the crew of a freight train reported to their superiors that on the preceding Thursday they'd seen a big six-footer tinkering at the switch when they'd come by. They could only add that he'd been dressed like a farmer and had black hair. One man added that his ears stuck out—that was included in the report

which was wired to the men at the scene. It didn't reach them until that night and Evans and Claxton, the only two investigators who had seen Willie, had gone home.

When they all met again, the following Monday morning, the teletype was read aloud. Claxton and Evans looked up. A six-footer? Black hair? Funny ears? They remembered him at the same time; not a man, but an overgrown boy!

They sent a dozen men out immediately to knock on nearby shack doors. Half of them returned within ten minutes. There was no question about who answered the description. It was Leon Godsey's 15-year-old son, Willie.

When they walked in, the Godseys were at breakfast. Willie paused with a piece of dripping pancake part-way to his mouth. He knew who they were and why they had come. He started to say something but he only gulped and by then two men had him by the arm. When he got up, he didn't seem to be six feet tall.

"He wrecked the train," the sheriff told Mr. and Mrs. Godsey, and then followed the officers and Willie out of the door.

Willie didn't deny it. He only tried to explain it and in that he failed. He showed them where he had thrown the hacksaw; he showed them how he had cut the lock and thrown the switch and the place up the embankment where he'd waited. It wasn't until the reporters got to him that he blurted out about the movie, "The Dalton Gang."

"I'd been planning it ever since," he said. He was trying hard not to cry. "I didn't mean to kill anyone. I just wanted to wreck a train."

They put Willie Godsey in the Caruthers County jail. The first day he cried a little, but he answered their questions and repeated his confession in detail.

"It was the movie," he insisted. "I wanted a thrill."

He began to eat pretty good on the second day and chatted for a long time with his folks. By the third day he had made friends among his cellmates.

"I killed two men before this," he told them. "They was counterfeiters. I was workin' as a special agent fer the government on a case. They come at me with guns one night . . ."

"Gosh," one jailbird whispered to another. "What an imagination!"



Deputy Jack Kelly studies prisoner in Caruthersville jail.

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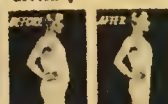
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Case of the Upstairs Corpse

(Continued from page 27)

killed herself?" he inquired.

"Why, what else could have happened?" the father countered. "She left this note, indicating she was worried about her brother. And she had been moody of late. Isn't that the way many people do it—by cutting their throat?"

"Frankly, the wound doesn't look self-inflicted," the medical examiner replied. "It wasn't deep enough to be fatal, either."

"Doctor, look here," beckoned Frost, who had stripped back the full sleeve from the girl's left arm. The outer forearm bore a long, deep gash. "She surely didn't cut herself there!"

Looking for other wounds, the physicians found a scarlet stain on her camisole, directly over her heart. The blood had not yet soaked through the taffeta dress, but had welled from a single stab wound which appeared to have pierced her heart.

"These multiple wounds," Dr. Frost said, "make suicide highly improbable."

"Then it was—murder?" the father whispered hoarsely.

"Murder!" Dr. Mead echoed. "We'll notify the authorities at once."

The officers arrived promptly, husky, square-jawed Chief Albert Shaw, young Detective Frank Whitney of the Massachusetts State Police and Sheriff George Fairbairn.

They surveyed the scene of the tragedy and obtained a report from Dr. Mead. With trembling hands, Page produced the mysterious farewell note and the slip bearing the name of Gerald Spade.

The absence of the lethal weapon, Chief Shaw was quick to point out, was a certain indication that the young woman had been slain, although there was nothing to suggest a motive. The doctors reported there was no evidence of criminal assault, and Page was certain nothing had been taken from the house.

She Had No Enemies

The father, however, could not reconcile himself to the fact that his daughter had been murdered. He protested that no one was known to the family who could have committed such a heinous crime.

"Mabel was a kind, gentle and generous girl," he said. "She had many friends, but no enemies."

"I imagine she had suitors," Detective Whitney put in. "Did she keep company with any young men?"

"Just one or two," Page replied. "She was attractive and gay, but she didn't go much for parties. She did go out of an evening now and then with Parker Bailey; I think she was quite fond of him. Once in a while she would go driving with Seth Ford, but he was second choice."

Bailey, the father continued, was a young mechanic who lived less than a mile away. Ford was the rotund son of a preacher, who also resided in the vicinity.

"How about your son Harold?" Whitney asked. "Do you know if he's really ill in Boston?"

"I know he isn't. I put a call through to Boston and talked with him. He couldn't understand who told Mabel such a thing. He's on his way here now."

Then the farewell note on Mabel's dresser, the officers realized, had been a fake. Still, according to her father, it was in her handwriting. Why had she written it? Had some-

one lied to her and told her that her brother was ill? Had the murderer used the story of Harold's sickness to gain her confidence, to obtain entry to her room?

The door banged downstairs as Miss Roberts, the housekeeper, came in with her arms full of bundles. Sheriff Fairbairn went down and escorted her up to the door of Mabel Page's room. At the sight of the girl's body, the housekeeper fainted. Fairbairn caught her as she fell.

When revived, Miss Roberts answered questions in a quavering voice.

"I left the house about 10:30 this morning," she said. "Miss Mabel was in the living room. She was singing as she sewed. She seemed very happy, poor child."

Miss Roberts said she had walked directly to the village. She had seen no one suspicious on the way. For the next hour or so, she had shopped, pausing to chat with some of her friends. On the way back she had stopped in to visit a maid at a neighbor's house, she said, accounting for the rest of her time until her return.

Shaw looked at his watch. It was now 1:15 P. M. Turning to Page, he asked, "When did your son leave for Boston?"

"A little after 8 o'clock this morning," the old man replied. "I had breakfast with him and Mabel just before he went to the station."

Whitney held up the scrap of paper and inquired, "Who is the 'Gerald Spade' whose name appears on this slip?"

"Never heard of him," Page declared. "I'm pretty sure Mabel didn't know him, either. But perhaps Harold does."

Mrs. Woodward had been standing by silently. Now she spoke up. "I saw a dark, foreign-looking man in the neighborhood this morning," she told Shaw. "He was a stranger and he didn't look like a man you could trust. He stopped at my back door and asked if we had any work for a coachman. I didn't like his looks and I sent him away."

The man was dressed in a dirty red-and-black striped blazer, she added, and wore a moth-eaten brown fur cap.

"If this man applied for work at your house," the sheriff suggested, "he must have called at other houses around here. Maybe he left his name and address at one of them."

Fairbairn immediately started his deputies on a canvass of the district in search of the job-seeker, while Shaw and Whitney painstakingly searched the murder chamber, the house and the premises for further clues. They found none.

While they were at this task, Harold Page arrived home from Boston. The victim's dapper young brother seemed greatly distressed by Mabel's tragic death. He wept as he knelt beside her body. Questioned by the officers, he could cast no light on the mystery. He had not been ill, he said, and hadn't told anyone that he was. He knew no one named Spade.

While the medical examiner made preparations for removal of the body to the Middlesex morgue for an autopsy, Chief Shaw and Whitney decided to go to Boston and try to find the mysterious Gerald Spade. Shaw summoned Detectives Alfred Neal and Jack Hammond and assigned them to check on the girl's suitors, Parker Bailey and Seth Ford.

A light snow was falling and a strong northeast wind stung the investigators as they left the house and split up to carry out their missions. It was 3:30 P. M. on Thursday, March 31, 1904.

While Shaw and Whitney took the next train for Boston, Neal and Hammond drove to the small white bungalow where Bailey, the young mechanic, lived with his family. At the garage where he worked, they had learned he was home ill.

Mrs. Bailey met them at the door and led them into her son's room. The doctor, she said, had just left. Bailey lay still in the bed,

his eyes half closed, his cheeks flushed with fever. "He's been sick for two days now," his mother whispered. "It's the grippe."

"One question only," Neal said quietly to Bailey. "Have you seen Mabel Page lately?"

The young man raised up and opened his eyes. "Not for a couple of weeks," he replied feebly. "Why?"

"She's met with an accident," Hammond said. "Have you been in bed all day?"

"Of course, didn't Mother tell you? But why are you here? What happened to Mabel?"

"She was stabbed to death," Neal said evenly. "Do you know who could have done it?"

Bailey sank back on the pillow, his face white, eyes stricken. "No, I have no idea. This is terrible, terrible—"

The detectives left the feverish mechanic after assuring his mother that there was no evidence thus far to implicate her son in the slaying. They went next to the office of the doctor who had visited Bailey. The physician assured them that the young man was not malingering; he was seriously ill and had been in bed for two days.

Neal and Hammond proceeded to the yellow frame parsonage where Ford lived. The chubby, pink-cheeked young high school graduate was just sitting down to supper. At the officers' request, Mrs. Ford called him into the living room.

"Tell us," Neal asked, "where did you spend the morning?"

"With my father, painting the Sunday School rooms in the church basement," the preacher's son replied. "But why do you ask?"

"Mabel Page was murdered today," the detective declared bluntly. "Sometime late this morning."

Ford turned pale. "Mabel?" he gasped. "But why would anyone want to hurt her?"

The Reverend Ford had meanwhile entered the room. Hearing of the crime, he readily corroborated his son's alibi.

"Now, think," Hammond urged the young

man. "Did Mabel Page keep company with anyone except you and Parker Bailey?"

Ford's eyebrows raised. He began to talk eagerly. "Why, yes, now that you ask. There's a young fellow over Auburndale way—Tucker, I think his name is—who used to pester her to go out with him. But that was almost a year ago."

Tucker, he added, was a baggageman on the Boston & Albany Railroad. His wife had died just about the time he met Mabel Page, and he had told her he was lonesome. But Ford knew nothing else about him.

The detectives left the parsonage and headed for Auburndale, two miles to the east. Meanwhile, Sheriff Fairbairn and his men had been busy. They checked the housekeeper's story of her shopping trip and visit at a friend's house and established that she could not have been at the scene of the murder between 10:30 A.M. and the time of her return while the officers had been there.

The sheriff visited other houses in the neighborhood on the trail of the coachman who had been seeking a job. At several places, he learned that the man had applied for employment but had been turned away. Finally Fairbairn found a housewife who, feeling sorry for the shabby fellow, had taken his name and address, promising to send for him if she needed him.

His name was Robert Cronin, and the address he gave was on Endicott Street in Boston. Fairbairn was impressed by the fact that this address was near that of Gerald Spade, whom the state detectives were seeking. Was this, he wondered, a coincidence or more than that? Could there be a connection between the two men and the murder of Mabel Page?

In Boston, meanwhile, Chief Shaw and Detective Whitney also were hard at work. They had determined beyond a shadow of doubt that Harold Page had remained in a brokerage office there from the time of his arrival on the morning train until his departure for home early in the afternoon upon receiving his father's telephone call.



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Darkness had fallen when Shaw and Whitney set out with Chief Inspector Joseph Watts of the Boston detective bureau for the Beacon Street address ascribed to Spade. The building there was a rundown structure of faded red brick, consisting of three stories above a dilapidated second-hand store. A chill fog lent an eerie atmosphere to the scene as the old gas street lights made shimmering yellow globes in the mist.

Entering the narrow foyer, the detectives found no mailboxes nor name plates. Climbing the steep stairs, they pounded heavily on the door of the second-floor flat. At length it was opened cautiously and a gaunt woman peered out.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Does Gerald Spade live here?" Watts asked.

The woman nodded. "He has a room in the attic. But we ain't seen him for two days now. Guess he's out on a toot."

Spade was a heavy drinker, she explained, and couldn't keep a job more than a couple of weeks. Often he was away from his room ten days at a time.

The landlady led the officers up to Spade's room and admitted them with a pass-key. The garret was littered with papers, magazines and books. On a rough table stood a worn typewriter.

"He's an author," she remarked with a smirk. "At least he thinks he is. Doesn't get much for his efforts, I guess."

The officers made a quick search of the room but found nothing incriminating. Their best course, they knew, was to await Spade's return. Watts summoned a patrolman and ordered him to guard the premises until relieved. Then the trio returned to Boston headquarters.

Off on Another Lead

Waiting for them there was a telephone message from Fairbairn, reporting what he had learned about Robert Cronin. Shaw and Whitney set out with Watts at once to seek the jobless coachman.

At the Endicott Street address they found another ramshackle building. A portly German landlord led them to a rear basement room, where a short, swarthy man in a dirty undershirt and trousers answered their knock.

"No, I'm not Cronin," he replied in answer to a question. "Just a friend of his. He left to look for work. Said he'd be back today or tomorrow."

Watts flashed his badge. "We want to talk with him. Get in touch with me at headquarters as soon as he shows up."

Although the roomer agreed to do so, Watts stationed another patrolman to stand guard, with orders to nab the suspect when he returned.

Back in Auburndale, Detectives Neal and Hammond met Chief James Tarbox of the local police and all three went to the home of Charles Tucker, the 24-year-old widower, whom Seth Ford had named as a rejected suitor of the slain girl.

Thin, brown-haired and of medium height, Tucker was playing cards with his father in the living room of their little gray frame house. He met the officers at the door and he met them with an ingratiating smile. "What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked.

His demeanor was hardly that of a guilty man, but Chief Tarbox had told them something on their way to the house which prompted them to discount appearances. Almost a year ago, Tucker's blonde wife, Alicia, had been drowned in the Chester River not far from their home. The circumstances were suspicious. Alicia either had fallen, jumped or been hurled into the water. She could not swim.

Tarbox had conducted an inquiry, and

Tucker told him Alicia had been despondent and planned to kill herself. However, there were no notes, and other witnesses described her as happy and carefree. Yet there was no evidence to disprove the husband's story, and the investigation finally was dropped.

In the Mabel Page murder and Alicia Tucker's death, Neal and Hammond saw a possible deadly parallel—homicide masked as suicide. They resolved to investigate Tucker thoroughly.

"These officers would like to ask you some questions, Charles," Tarbox said, and Tucker readily admitted them to the house.

"Not about the drowning again, is it?" the young man asked, his smile fading.

"No," Neal said. "Just tell us where you were this morning."

"Working down around the boathouses," the suspect replied. "I quit the railroad about two weeks ago and haven't had a steady job since, but I manage to pick up a little change along the river."

"Can you prove you were there?" Hammond asked narrowly.

"Sure. You can talk to the fellows I worked for. But say, what's this all about?"

"You know Mabel Page?" Neal inquired.

Tucker's cold blue eyes were unblinking.

"Yes, what about her?"

"She was murdered today—stabbed to death."

Showing little emotion, Tucker shook his head slowly. "That's a shame. She was such a nice girl. Who did it?"

"That's what we want to know," Hammond snapped. "Where can we find these men you say you were with this morning?"

Tucker's face colored. "Say, you don't think I'm mixed up in that murder, do you?" He paused, then shrugged. "Well, I guess there's nothing to do but prove where I was."

The young man told the detectives that he had spent the entire morning helping two brothers recaulk their sailing boat. He said they probably could be found at their home a few blocks away.

They were—and they substantiated Tucker's alibi completely.

The detectives went back to state police headquarters at West Newton and were still busy with their reports when Chief Shaw and Whitney got in from Boston at 11 p. m. The four officers compared notes on the suspects each pair had investigated. None, they felt, could be eliminated as yet—not even Tucker, whose alibi seemed airtight. His previous connection with a mysterious death stood against him.

The investigators agreed that one clue in their possession was certain to prove important, although its relation to the slaying of Mabel Page was still far from clear. That was the slip of paper found on her bedroom floor, bearing Spade's name and address.

"It seems to me that either he was the murderer," Shaw theorized, "or he was known to the victim or the actual slayer. But if he were merely an acquaintance of the dead girl, why should the piece of paper have been on her floor? Why not in a letter-box, or tucked away somewhere in the leaves of a book? And if he stabbed her, why did he leave what amounted to a calling card for the police to find?"

"Then most likely," suggested Whitney, "the killer was an acquaintance of Spade who accidentally dropped that paper in his flight."

"Maybe not accidentally," the chief said. "It could have been a plant. From what we know of Spade, he's an irresponsible fellow. He drinks heavily and often probably can't account for where he's been or what he's done. He'd be a perfect target on which to cast suspicion of murder."

The officers were frankly stumped by the question of a motive for the crime. Dr. Mead's report on the autopsy did little to

The position of the corpse, laid out beside the bed as though by an undertaker, argued against the girl having been slain by some intruder in search of plunder. Jealous hatred seemed the only logical reason for the murder, but nowhere did the investigators have a shred of evidence to substantiate this theory.

Soon the state officers were convinced that he had no part in the crime, but at Shaw's suggestion they obtained a sample of his handwriting. His script was a gawky scrawl that inclined backward. Although it did not closely resemble the writing of Spade's name and address, Shaw dispatched it to Marshall D. Ewell, a noted handwriting analyst in New York, for comparison with the two lines on the slip found in Mable Page's room. Then they released Cronin with a warning to hold himself in readiness for further questioning.

Three days later, Gerald Spade returned to his garret, a haggard young man obviously suffering from a terrific hangover. Inspector Watts and two detectives arrived to question him. Spade insisted he did not know Mabel Page and had no idea how his name and address came to be in her chamber. As for stabbing the girl, he said he had been with friends in New York for ten days. He gave their addresses and telephone numbers, and Watts immediately called them. They verified his alibi, saying that Spade could not possibly have been in Weston March 31.

Back in Weston, Neal and Hammond had uncovered a bit of personal history in their investigation of Charles Tucker which interested Shaw. Before going to work for the railroad, Tucker had been employed in a stationery store in Boston—and the place was only a few blocks from Spade's garret studio.

At Shaw's request, the manager of the store searched his files and produced a quantity of sales slips which Tucker had written while a clerk there. It took only a glance at the curious back-slanted script to recognize it as identical with that on the slip of paper found near the body of Mabel Page!

"But what about the motive?" Whitney asked.

"Sounds logical," Whitney agreed. "But just why did he kill the Page girl?"

"Tucker doubtless bided his time," the chief went on, "waiting for an opportunity to confront Mabel alone. He probably had been watching the house for days. On that fatal Thursday he saw his chance—the father, brother and housekeeper all were out. The front door was unlocked and he entered unannounced.

"In a moment he was in the girl's room, demanding a showdown. He wanted her to go away with him—that's apparent from the strange farewell note to her father giving an excuse for going away suddenly. He probably forced her to write it at knife-point.

"At the last minute, she must have refused to go, so Tucker slew her in an outburst of jealous rage. Then, to throw us off the trail, he scribbled Spade's name on the slip of paper, dropped it and fled with the weapon."

"But what about the alibi?" Whitney asked. "The brothers said he was working with them all that morning."

"I don't know where the flaw lies in that, but we'll soon find out," Shaw promised. "Tucker's our man."

The young widower was promptly arrested at his home in Auburndale. In a search of the premises, the officers found a hunting-knife handle and three fragments of the blade hidden in his mattress. The pieces of steel bore bloodstains. In a closet hung a pair of trousers which, although recently washed, still showed suspicious stains.

Neal and Hammond called upon the two boat-owning brothers. When they were informed of Tucker's arrest and were warned they might face charges of being accessories after the fact if they persisted in lying to save him, the pair changed their story.

They confessed that they had not seen the suspect after 10 o'clock on the morning of the crime. At that hour, they revealed, he left the boathouse without saying where he was going, and did not return. They had thought the police were hounding him over his first wife's death, of which they believed him innocent, and for that reason had tried to shield him.

Confronted with the shattered alibi and the clue of the matching handwriting on the slip found in the murder room, Tucker still protested his innocence. While the facts were presented to the grand jury without a confession, evidence against him continued to pile up.

Well, the handwriting expert, identified the script on the paper as Tucker's, and Dr. Timothy Leary, professor of Pathology at Tufts College, analyzed the stains on the knife blade fragments and the trousers and reported they were human blood.


But Tucker still would not confess. On January 24, 1905, a jury before Judge Frank Sheldon in Superior Court at Cambridge found him guilty of first degree murder. He was sentenced to die in the electric chair at Charlestown.

His execution was delayed for 18 months, however, while his attorneys fought desperately to save his life. As a last resort, they appealed for clemency to President Theodore Roosevelt.

After careful study of the case, the President wired Governor Curtis Guild, backing the governor's decision not to commute the sentence.

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White Collar Killer

(Continued from page 25)

out the dwindling outline of a torso and the charred stumps of arms and legs, looked down or away.

Tom Seviars, Elmer's dad, came out of the darkness. He was barefooted but he'd gotten his trousers on and was still trying to pull a tangled suspender over one naked shoulder. Nobody said anything to him. He stopped in line with the group.

"I think the folks stayed in Collins tonight," he said. "I hate to think of how they'll feel when they get home. I wonder how..."

"They was home, Tom," somebody said. He stopped trying to get his suspenders up over his shoulder. He sat down slowly on the ground and crossed his legs and put his head down between his knees. At that the women really let go.

Somebody had thought to put in a call to the sheriff. Poplar Grove is only a little community of small farms, without any real excuse for being except as a wedge against the loneliness of the back country. Even the paved highway was a long ways off and Barboursville, the county seat where Sheriff Charley Hammons lived, was 18 miles away. When Hammons got the call he phoned County Attorney Sampson Knuckles and they left right away.

The sheriff told the attorney about the fire as they drove down the highway.

"Probably the stove got overheated," he said, "but a couple died and we'd better investigate before the neighbors get tramping around there tomorrow."

It was almost daylight when they turned off on the dirt road to Poplar Grove. Tom Seviars was still up and when he heard their car he came back to Elmer and Ethel Seviars' house site to meet them. He was still barefooted and the suspender strap dangled from his waist.

The charred wood and ashes within the foundation were too hot to approach closely, but Tom Seviars pointed out the heap that was all that was left of his son or daughter-in-law. The officials could make out the grisly pile and the round black top and empty eye sockets of a skull.

"There's only one body," Knuckles noted. "Unless Elmer—the other one is buried in the rubble."

Always Together

"They was together," said Tom. "They always was."

The neighbors, who got up about sunup anyway, came back when they heard that officers from the city were there. They stood about long-faced and whispered while Hammons and Knuckles walked around the ruins. The thin layer of pine needles had burned within several feet of the foundation. The sheriff noted several deep imprints in the soft soil, larger than a man's shoes would make, and being a careful man in an investigation, he covered them with boards. He came back to question the neighbors.

Sheriff Hammons got from his questions exactly what he expected. Everyone in the community was in bed when the fire started. Who had awakened first to see the glow was a distinction hotly claimed by several. The alarm was quickly spread, but by the time even the hastiest arrived at the fire the house was nearly gone. All of them testified to clearly seeing one body among the embers; several insisted they saw two. They were positive that the skull belonged to Ethel, though when asked how they could tell they could only look at one another uncertainly.

There was no apparent evidence of a second body now.

"Is everybody here that lives close by?" Knuckles asked. The farm people glanced studiously around.

"Jim Scott ain't," one man said.

"He's deliverin' mail," another spoke up.

"I seen him here last night, though."

"Herschel's at home," said a woman. "He hollered at me as I come by this mornin'.

Poor man was bad broken up."

Herschel Hendrickson, the officials learned, was Ethel Seviars' brother. He was home sick in bed. He was meek and soft-spoken; did odd jobs about the community and once in a while sold ladies' stockings on commission. He lived with his father and sister about a quarter of a mile away. He was a bachelor and about 41 years old.

"Always wears a white shirt," the woman sniffed. "Even on weekdays."

While they were talking a man drove up. On his car door was painted "U. S. Mail" in gold gilt letters. The U and S had run. It was Jim Scott, who handled the local RFD route. When the county attorney questioned him he looked nervous, then he appealed to the sheriff, whom he knew.

"I don't know nothin' about the fire, Charley," he said. "But last night about sundown I heard a shot and a scream come from this-a-way."

Hammons and Knuckles looked at each other. A shot and a scream at 6:30? The fire had broken out just before midnight.

"Why didn't you investigate?" asked the attorney.

"I got sickness at home," the mail carrier said. "I was gettin' supper and couldn't get away. I didn't hear nothin' more so I figured someone was skylarkin' and then I got about it."

Tom Seviars walked over from where he had been staring into the ashes.

"I heard a shot, too," he declared. "I thought it was someone huntin'. But it did come from Elmer's way about the time Jim says."

"Were any of you hunting around sundown?" the sheriff asked. Several of the men shuffled nervously.

"I was," admitted one.

"Me too," said another. Two others said they'd been out with their guns. One had killed a rabbit at dusk and another had missed a shot at a squirrel. But not near the Seviars', they insisted. They were farther back in the hills.

Hammons began to question each of the adult members of the community. Where were they when the fire broke out? What were they doing? Were they alone? Several tittered, some were solemn, but each of them had an alibi. At midnight on a week-day married men were home in bed with their wives, at least in Poplar Grove. When they came to Tom Seviars he said he had spent the day with Ethel and Elmer in Collins, a town 12 miles away. They bought some shoes, he recalled, and four sacks of flour. He had brought the merchandise home for them, he said, and left it in their kitchen. They were talking about staying in town for supper and the movies.

"I thought they had," he said slowly, "until I seen—that." He jerked his head at the ruins. He had no idea when the younger Seviars had arrived home. He could only figure that the woodstove had become overheated or Elmer went to sleep smoking in bed. Ethel often gave him hell about that, he added, but Elmer couldn't get to sleep without that last cigarette.

Knox County Coroner Clarence Mitchell drove up, greeted the officials and took a look at the remains of the Sevier home. He cleared a path to the charred torso stump, using a branch of green pine. He came out and stamped the ashes from his feet. He empanelled a coroner's jury on the spot and



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I come home from town. He was chopping wood for their supper fire."

Hammons hid his surprise. Hendrickson had told him he'd gone to bed with a painful combination of ills on Wednesday, the day before the fire.

"One thing more," he asked Seviars. "Did Elmer keep much money around the house?"

Tom nodded. "Lately he did," he said. "Ethel hid it for him in her burry drawer. Elmer sold his tobacco crop early in December and paid the taxes and some back bills. He must of had near \$100 left."

On the way back past Hendrickson's, Hammons noticed a pretty girl sweeping off the steps. Frankie had come back. He stopped the car and got out and introduced himself.

"I'm worried about your brother," he told her. "Have you got enough money for a doctor?"

"We got plenty," she told him. "Herschel made nearly \$100."

"Before you left?" the sheriff asked. The girl hesitated, then nodded.

"How about food?" Hammons asked. "A sick man needs nourishment."

"We got plenty," she said. "We shopped Monday."

"Did you get those four sacks of flour then?"

"Yes."

Hammons watched her closely. She finished sweeping the small porch and went into the house and he followed her. She'd been cleaning the closet in her brother's room, and when Hammons went in he noticed a pair of new oxfords and a pair of four-buckle overshoes, also new, by the bed. Hendrickson, shrivelled down under the quilt, followed his glance.

Old Shoes Worn Out

"That's the reason I caught cold," he said quickly. "My old shoes was worn through. I left 'em at Thurston's, in Corbin, to be fixed and bought me some dress shoes and them overshoes."

Tom had said Elmer had bought some oxfords and overshoes in Corbin, too. And the four sacks of flour.

"I'm going back into town," he told Herschel. "I'll stop in later and see how you're getting along."

"I'll be all right," Herschel said. "Long's I stay in bed."

When Sheriff Hammons got back to Barbourville that night he put in a call to Captain Joe Hall of the Kentucky State Police.

"I've got a queer case here," he told Hall. "Maybe you'd better sit in on it."

"I'll have a man there first thing in the morning," Hall promised.

He sent Lieutenant Don Young, a tall, slender man who looked both serious and alert at the same time. Hammons met him in his office at 9 o'clock Saturday morning and gave him the facts in the case.

"Hendrickson is lying," he said. "He's no more sick than I am. I'm convinced that he did away with the Seviars and set fire to their house, but all I've got is a mess of circumstantial evidence."

"We might be able to trace the shoes and boots," Young said. "Maybe the flour. If Hendrickson did buy them, then you haven't even got that."

"We can pick up the shoes," Hammons said. "I'll get a search warrant."

They had one issued and drove out to the Hendrickson home. Frankie was doing the breakfast dishes. Hammons nodded to her, then he and Young went into Herschel's bedroom. The sick man was lying in bed.

"You're makin' a lot of trips out here," he said hoarsely. "Why can't you just leave me alone. I'm all upset about Ethel as it is, and you can't do nothin' to help me."

"We found out your sister and Elmer had a lot of money in the house, Herschel," Hammons told him gently. "We think maybe it was stolen. We're checking up to see who around here bought anything new lately, and when they bought 'em. It's just a formality, far as you're concerned. All you got is those new shoes."

"I bought 'em in Corbin."

"When?"

"Wednesday afternoon."

"Where?"

Herschel sat upright in bed and held the quilt up over his skinny, bare chest like a scared woman. "I got the overshoes at Sears Army store," he insisted. "I bought the oxfords at Daniels."

"Where did you leave the old shoes?"

"At Thurston's," Hendrickson said. "They should be ready now."

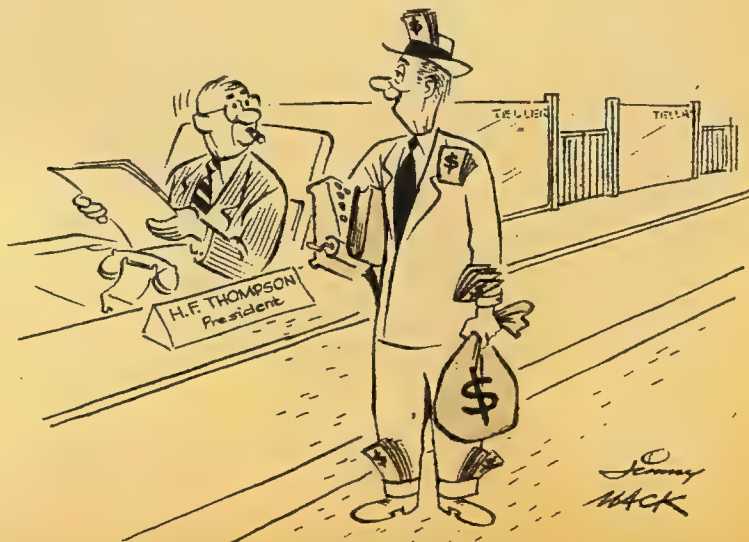
"I'll pick 'em up for you," Hammons said. "We're going in in a couple of hours to check on some other things." He picked up the two pairs of footwear. "We'll bring these back. You won't need 'em, meanwhile."

He and Young went back to the car.

"He looks sick," Young commented.

"He always looks that way," Hammons said. "I think he's scared to death."

He decided to stop by Tom Seviars again,



"I'm taking some work home with me tonight, Mr. Thompson."

since he'd been with Elmer when he bought his shoes. But first he stopped at the burned site. He took one of the overshoes and placed it on one of the footprints found by the side of the house. It fitted perfectly.

Tom shook hands with Young and repeated his story of the trip to Corbin on Thursday with Elmer and Ethel. He told the state officer how he had brought Elmer's shoes and boots and flour home for him.

"These the things, Tom?" Hammons asked. He showed him the overshoes and oxfords.

"My dam, yes. Where did you find 'em?" Hammons told him. Seviars started into his house. His eyes were wild. The sheriff grabbed him.

"Wait a minute, Tom," he said. "You can help us more by doing it our way."

Seviars accompanied them into Corbin. Their first stop was at Sears Army store, where Herschel had said he'd bought the overshoes. Hammons asked the clerk if he remembered such a sale.

"We don't even handle that brand," the clerk said. "What's going on here? Another man was in not ten minutes ago and tried to get me to say we'd sold him a pair like that."

"A skinny little runt," asked Hammons, "in a white shirt?"

The clerk nodded.

They went on to the Daniels department store, where the manager of the shoe department told them that a frightened little man had just been in and urged him to tell anyone that asked that he had purchased both the oxfords and the overshoes the preceding Wednesday.

"We had no record of such a sale," the man said. "The only double sale was to—" He looked at Tom Seviars. "I remember you," he said.

"You sold those shoes to my son," Tom said.

The clerk produced a sales slip showing the sale of the oxfords and the Ball-Brand four-buckle overshoes to Elmer Seviars.

"That does it," said Hammons. "Let's go get Herschel." He noticed the sign of the Thurston Shoe Repair Shop on the way to the car.

"Just a minute," he told the others. He went in. When he came out he was beaming.

"Herschel just left," he said. "He tried to get the cobbler to tell us that he'd fixed a pair of shoes for him."

They dropped Tom Seviars off at his home, then went on to the Hendrickses'. Herschel was back in bed. But the girl Frankie had a frightened look in her eyes and ran from his room and out the back door. Hammons let her go.

"Get up," the sheriff told Herschel. "We're taking you to jail."

"I'm sick," Hendrickson protested. "I can't get up. It would kill me. I can't..."

"You just got back from Corbin," the sheriff said. "Another trip won't hurt you. Besides, you won't have to come home from this one."

"What do you want me for?" Herschel whined. He held his underwear front to-gether.

"Arson," said Hammons. "And murder."

"Ethel was my sister!" the little man cried. "I wouldn't..."

They took him to jail. When they searched him, he had \$77. The sheriff took him down to the cells.

"Anything I can get you?" he asked.

"A clean shirt," said Herschel.

Sheriff Hammons and Lieutenant Young spent the next few days questioning Poplar Grove residents and strengthening their case. Frankie, the suspect's sister, confessed that when she had left for Knoxville on Monday her brother had only \$2, instead of the \$100 she had previously stated. Also that she had come home to find the flour in the pantry.

"I asked him about the new shoes," she

said tearfully, "I knew he didn't have money to buy them."

A further search of the house produced the clothes Hendrickson had worn the night of the murder. They were stained with blood.

The clerks in both Sears Army store and Daniels department store identified Herschel Hendrickson as the man who had tried to get them to say he had purchased shoes from them. Tom Mills, a Poplar Grove resident, told officers he had stopped by Hendrickson's home about dusk on the evening of the fire. Hendrickson was dressed to go out and he had a shotgun in his hand. Mills recalled that there was a froth on the man's lips. Hurbert Hodge and Arthur Mills stated that when they had passed Hendrickson's home on the night of the fire there was a light on in the house. They knocked and heard footsteps, but no one answered.

On March 14, 1950, Herschel Hendrickson was brought to trial. He was provided with Hiram Owens, a noted criminal lawyer, to defend him. State's Attorneys Knuckles, Inman, Tye and Jordan prosecuted. The trial lasted three days. It was brought out that Hendrickson had come to Poplar Grove two and a half years ago straight from the penitentiary, where he had served nearly 14 years for armed robbery and murder. He was easily confused by cross-examination and his voice was so low the jury of four men and eight women had to lean forward in their seats to hear him. Each day of the trial he appeared with a freshly starched, white shirt. By midmorning it would be drenched with sweat. His defense of himself was weak.

Like a Dream

"I had to take to bed over the shock of my brother-in-law and sister being burned up, whatever happened to them, then everybody accusing me, 'He done it, he did it.' My mind was just here, there, and like a drunk man so then I knew what was going on part of the time and part of the time I didn't. I can barely remember the time the officers come up there. That all seems like a dream to me. I can barely remember going to Corbin, that seems like a dream to me. I can remember them coming up there, and little machine guns hid under their coats. My mind—I would start to get up and have to hold on to the bed and walk. I would set and talk to myself some of the nights, walk around, shake all over—just like a dream, part of it."

"What was causing you to act this way?" Attorney Inman asked.

"Well, I'd like to know how a person would feel to have the whole community a-spicion, accusing him of murdering his sister and brother-in-law or his mother or daddy, when he wasn't guilty. If I was guilty of the crime they have got me here on I would say 'Here I am, that's me.'"

"You are here, aren't you, Herschel?"

"No, I'm not." He rose and moved toward Inman. "Do you think a man would spend..."

"Be seated," said the court.

"—thirteen years, five months, and 21 days in a penitentiary for nothing and lay seven months..."

"Mr. Hendrickson, be seated!"

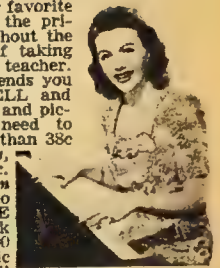
"—and lay seven months in a bed with arthritis, rheumatiz, then get out of the penitentiary and undertake to do something to get back in? No, not me!"

That was Hendrickson's sole defense—that it wouldn't have been smart of him to kill the Seviars. He was convicted on March 16 for the arson-murder of Elmer Seviars and sentenced to die in the electric chair on July 28, 1950. An appeal was granted, to take place later in the fall. When he thought he was going to die, his last request was that he meet his Maker in a white shirt.

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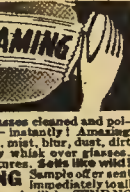


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diamonds

in the rough



STYLES IN SWINDLING range from odd-man-out coin matching, in railway stations up to complicated schemes involving tapped wires or rigged stocks. But no swindle in the history of American crime can touch the great Arizona Diamond Game of 80 years ago.

The original victim was William Ralston, fabulously wealthy San Francisco financier.

The curtain rang up on the plot when two bearded and dirty prospectors entered Ralston's bank and asked to see him.

Ralston noted their sunbaked faces, their rough and calloused hands with broken nails. These, he told himself, were the genuine article.

They introduced themselves as John Slack and Phillip Arnold, just back from Arizona. Slack emptied a small elkhide pouch on Ralston's desk. Out rolled a dozen translucent pebbles.

Slack answered the unspoken question. "We don't know what they are, either. Found them while we were digging around in an ant hill in Arizona."

"We thought you might have them assayed for us," Arnold put in. "If they're worth anything we can talk business."

Ralston took a chance and told them to return the following morning, which they did.

"Most of this is valueless quartz," the financier told them. "But there are five diamonds among them, small, but all good quality blue-white stones."

The prospectors' eyes gleamed with anticipation.

Then it was arranged that they go back for more of the precious stones.

Three months passed before Arnold and Slack returned—even more disreputable and toil-worn than before.

Again a leather pouch was given to Ralston. Again the dull, unpromising stones rolled out. This time the diamonds assayed at well over \$10,000!

Leading San Francisco business men of that day usually cut each other in on speculative ventures. So Ralston called in a group of California business leaders and carefully and impartially told them of his findings.

The group decided to let a famous New York jewelry firm in on the deal. Thus they would have experts at their disposal to go over the ground.

Ralston and his associates decided their share should be one-half of the find. The jewelry company to get a

quarter and the two prospectors the remaining quarter.

The financier put this proposition to the two men. They agreed the division was fair, but asked for 24 hours to consider it. The following day they returned to Ralston's office, engaged in a running quarrel. Arnold was for accepting, while Slack violently objected. This was the stall—a classic maneuver of the confidence world.

Ralston calmed them down. Then Slack blurted, "I'd like to get out of this right now. Give me \$100,000 and I'll skedaddle."

Ralston snapped at the bait and his group put up the money. Slack immediately disappeared from San Francisco.

The diamond-happy financiers realized that federal mining laws did not specifically cover diamond acreage. They delayed their expedition for nearly a year until they got Congress to put coverage into the laws of mineral rights.

This was what Slack and Arnold wanted. Slack, now behind the scenes, invested some of the \$100,000 in additional uncut diamonds. He hurried out to the fabulous ant hill and salted it like a Tiffany window.

When the bill protecting diamond claims became law, the expert came from New York and accompanied Arnold and a party out into Arizona. His verdict was that here were diamonds of the first water.

The original backers formed a corporation and Arnold was honored with a seat on the distinguished board.

But he appeared uneasy, and confided in Ralston. "I don't like it, working here with all you big men. I'll sell out to you boys if you'll give me a decent offer."

The company paid Arnold \$500,000 without demur. He took this in currency, and departed for the East.

A world famed geologist then went to the site to decide the best method of obtaining the hidden wealth. When he returned he reported the area non-diamond bearing—merely salted!

Slack was never seen again. Several years later, however, Arnold was located in Kentucky. Extradition laws were sketchy so he compromised by returning \$150,000.

Two consummate actors, with only a handful of uncut stones for properties and an outdoor look for costumes, had blinded the keenest business eyes in the Far West with diamond dust!

—STUART WHITEHOUSE

"His Blood Is On My Hands!"

(Continued from page 7)

But Isabelle was anxious to be married to Johnson. He was not as eager, although he assured her that once the decree was final, he would take steps to make her his wife.

"We're together, darling," he told her. "Isn't that enough?"

"No, it's not," she insisted.

"Okay," he said. "In a couple of weeks. I want to get a bankroll first."

"But I have money!" she protested. "I can sell the house. I want to get away from this part of the country, anyway. Don't you?"

"Well," he stalled, "I would like to be near the kids."

"Who's more important?" she demanded.

"Your children—or me?"

"You are, sweetheart. But just give me a little time."

Isabelle gave him time. It was late in February before she sold the house, he quit his job and they headed East in a car she had bought, still without definite plans for marriage.

Something had happened to Martin Johnson. He had grown moody and morose, and his love-making had lost its former ardor. He spoke frequently of his children, always careful, however, not to mention Norma. Isabelle begged him to stop in Nevada and tie the knot.

But he declined, promising they would be married on the way back. For he had persuaded her that they should return to Los Angeles at the end of a long, leisurely trip around the country.

They drove to Chicago and New York, Miami and New Orleans, stopping at good hotels, eating well and drinking steadily. By the time they reached Albuquerque on the way back to California, they had spent more than \$3,000 of Isabelle's money.

When Isabelle suggested detouring to Nevada to be married, Johnson talked her out of it.

They arrived in Los Angeles the evening of April 14 and stopped at a motel. The first thing Johnson did was to leave Isabelle alone in the room while he went out to telephone his children.

While he was gone, she ran out of cigarettes and looked through the pockets of his coat for a pack. Then she found the letter.

It was tucked away in the inside pocket, stamped, but unsealed.

Isabelle slipped the letter out of the envelope and read it hurriedly. Paragraph by paragraph, it confirmed what she feared most—that Martin had decided to leave her and return to his estranged wife.

"... I beg you, Norma," he had written, "to give me another chance. After I get rid of this widow, I'll never look at another woman—nobody but you..."

With trembling hands, Isabelle Thomas replaced the letter in the envelope and put it back in her lover's pocket. She dried her eyes, and when he returned to the room, she said nothing of her shocking discovery.

But she lay awake all that night while Johnson slept beside her, numb with fear and worry over the future. She was hurt and humiliated that he had only been using her, and at the same time was panic-stricken by the realization that most of her money was gone.

In the morning, still in a fog of indecision, she arose before he did, dressed and slipped out quietly to walk the streets.

Suicide was now uppermost in her mind.

She could not face the future without Martin. Isabelle walked until 9 o'clock, when the pawn shops opened. Then she found one, went inside and bought a .25 calibre pistol. The proprietor directed her to a sporting goods store where she got a box of cartridges.

She slipped the gun and ammunition into her purse and started back to the motel. On the way, she stopped in at a bar and ordered a whiskey sour. While the bartender was mixing it, she went into the ladies' room and loaded the pistol.

Then she returned to the motel. Johnson was up and dressed.

"Where the hell have you been?" he demanded.

"I couldn't sleep," she replied. "I went out for a walk."

"Well, I'm starved," he snapped. "Let's go get breakfast."

"And then what?" she asked quietly. "What are your plans, Martin?"

He looked at her curiously. "Why—we'll start East again. We'll go to Chicago and I'll try to get a job there."

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

He smiled and took her into his arms, but she shrank away from him. "No, I'm not, honey," he declared. "We're going to stop in Las Vegas and get married."

She looked up at him, doubt in her eyes. "What are we going to use for money, Martin? I'm almost broke."

Johnson frowned. "What about selling the car?" he suggested. "We can take the bus and have enough left over to stake us for a while."

"Are you sure that's what you want to do?" she asked earnestly.

"Why, of course. Come on, let's eat. Then we'll get rid of the car."

After breakfast at a drive-in, they drove to a used car lot in the downtown section and sold the sedan. Isabelle gave Johnson \$50 and stuffed the rest into her already bulging purse. Then they walked over to a travel agency at 302 East 7th Street to inquire about bus excursions to Chicago or a share-expenses trip in a private car.

Isabelle stood near the door while Johnson went over to a clerk and asked for information. In a few minutes he was back.

"Not so good," he reported. "No private cars going out and they claim all space is sold on the night buses. I want to call another agency and make sure."

Isabelle waited while Johnson walked over to a rack of telephone directories and consulted the classified book for a number. Then he walked over to a phone booth, entered and closed the door. Slowly she approached the booth and stood behind him, watching through the glass as he dropped a coin in the slot and reached for the dial.

But it was not a number that he dialed. It was the operator.

In a flash, she saw what he was doing. He was calling Norma in Burbank, perhaps to tell her what he had written in the unmailed letter—that as soon as he could get rid of Isabelle, he would return to her and the children.

She reached for the loaded gun, letting the bag drop to the floor. With one hand she yanked the door open and with the other she thrust the gun into his back and fired.

Johnson staggered out of the booth, his face white, and lurched toward the street. Isabelle followed, still shooting. At the fourth shot, he pitched forward to the sidewalk and lay still.

For a fleeting moment she stood staring down at him, then dropped to her knees and flung her arms around his bleeding body.

"You were no good," she sobbed, "but I loved you—more than anything in the world!"

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gun still clutched in her right hand, when the police arrived.

They took her to headquarters at City Hall, where Irvin Forbes, ace news photographer for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, was waiting when she arrived, weeping hysterically.

At the sight of his camera, she raised her hands to shield her face—and saw that they were splotted with crimson.

"My God!" she shrieked. "His blood is on my hands!"

Under questioning by Detective Lt. Stewart Jones, Isabelle Thomas poured out the whole story.

"I believed him when he said he'd marry me," she murmured. "But he took everything I had, and now he was going to leave me."

At the inquest on April 22, both she and Norma Johnson appeared before the coroner's jury. They passed each other going to and from the witness chair. At no time did their eyes meet. But each stole swift, furtive glances at the other.

When the jurors heard the evidence, they decided the shooting of Martin Johnson was homicide, and formal murder charges were filed against Mrs. Thomas.

On July 11, she went on trial before Judge Stanley Barnes and a jury in Superior Court. Testifying in her own behalf, she told of finding the letter Johnson had written to his ex-wife.

"I remember starting to read it," she told the jury. "I don't even recall how much of it I read. But I remember nothing else—not even what I told the policemen who arrested me for murder."

Then, turning to her lawyer, she screamed: "I loved Johnson madly! I wouldn't have hurt him for anything in the world!"

But the jury, after four hours of deliberation, found her guilty of second degree murder.

On July 19, Judge Barnes sentenced Isabelle Thomas to from 5 years to life. She prevented her attorney from asking for a new trial, declaring instead:

"I want to take my medicine."

On July 28, she left under guard for Tehachapi Prison to start serving her term.

Note—Irvin Forbes made his dramatic crime picture with a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic camera at 1/200 of a second with a 4-inch wide field lens at f.6, using synchronized flash and shooting from the floor at a distance of about two feet. The photo was an entry in the annual picture contest staged by the Hearst Newspapers.

You Can Only Die Twice

(Continued from page 35)

look.

They stopped at the the curb and started up the walk. Almost as though it were on signal, the neighbors began moving in from all sides.

"Those Barbarees couldn't have lived a normal life if they'd wanted to," Sandlin said to the police chief. "Look at those crows closing in. Bob must have felt like he was living in a zoo."

"You've got 'em wrong, sheriff," Jenkins said. "These people are law abiding citizens. Faye and Bob have lived one lap ahead of the law for a long time. It isn't the neighbors that drove the Barbarees crazy. It's the other way around."

They knocked at the front door. There was no answer so they walked around to

the back. Here the door was unlocked and they walked into the kitchen. Everything was in order. The living room, too, was comparatively neat.

"So far we're making a couple of monkeys of ourselves," Sandlin said.

He pushed the door of the bedroom open, stopped short and motioned to Jenkins. "Brother . . . this is it!" The bedclothes were a welter of dried blood. The stains spread down the side of the four poster bed and onto the floor.

"My, God," Azlin said. "No wonder the neighbors didn't hear anymore after those first shouts. Mrs. Barbaree must have been slugged silly. But where's her body?"

"The killer must have come back today and driven it away. That accounts for the car."

Three Days Dead

While he was talking, Jenkins had made a quick tour of the house. "Here's the weapon," he called from the kitchen. He pulled a blood-encrusted hammer out from behind the stove. "Must have come from that tool box in the pantry." He held the hammer in his handkerchief, but his mind seemed to be on other things.

"I remember Faye Barbaree when she was just a young girl. She must be past 40 now, but she was always a stepper. Just like a young colt. She used to tear along these streets here, that red mane of hers a-flying out."

"Well, it's done its last flying," Sandlin said. "Faye Barbaree is close to three days dead."

The sheriff turned back to a closer examination of the front of the house. "Whoever came in here Saturday, came by invitation," he said. "The windows and doors are locked and there's no sign of a forced entry." Suddenly he let out a sharp whistle. "My God, Jenkins. Come in here." Sandlin was standing in the bedroom and the police chief joined him.

"What's up?"

"I just pulled back the covers. Look at that sheet."

Jenkins and Azlin looked down at the stained cover. "Fresh blood," the chief murmured. "Those stains aren't more than eight hours old. Now what do you make of that?"

"There's only one thing I can make of it," the sheriff replied. "We've got two murders on our hands. You don't die twice."

"Wow. Someone really had in for Barbaree," Jenkins said. "His wife was murdered on Saturday and, by some ruse, the killer gets him out here today and kills him."

"That about ties it up," Azlin said. "I just found this out on the back porch." He slid an old leather suitcase across the bare floor. "It's full of Bob Barbaree's clothes."

"I didn't think a killer could leave a body here for two days, then drive back and pick it up as calm as you please. Now I see he didn't."

"You're right, chief. Mrs. Barbaree was probably driven away Saturday night. The neighbors heard plenty, but they didn't see enough. Then today Bob was jumped right in his own home and carted off in that car that was seen. Man, what a mess."

But Sandlin wasn't listening. He had burst out onto the front porch and was looking over the group of neighbors that had gathered on the lawn. "Which one of you got that license number?" he asked.

One woman pushed herself forward and glanced with an air of superiority at her gawking friends. "Here it is, sheriff. I knew you'd be needin' it." She passed a slip of paper up to Sandlin.

"What make of car was it?" he asked, glancing down at the numbers.

"A '47 or '48 Ford. I'm not sure of the model. But it wasn't the same as the one that was parked here Thursday. That was a Kaiser. I know that."

"We got one break, anyhow," Sandlin said as he took the paper back into the house. "This number is a Seminole County license. We don't have to go too far afield to find who owns it."

Jenkins turned to one of his men. "Trace this license through the highway patrol. Then run down the owner and jail him. Let us know when you have him."

Sandlin had already mapped the next phase of the investigation. "These people around here have practically kept a diary on the Barbarees," he said. "I doubt if Faye ever yawned that someone didn't take note of it. We're going to spread out over this whole block and squeeze these people dry of everything they know about Faye and Bob."

But the squeezing process proved a tough one. It was true there were those in the neighborhood who could tell the officers the style of every dress Faye owned and the cut of all Bob's suits, but there was no one who could tell what business the Barbarees were up to nor whether Faye was a faithful wife or a fickle one.

It was not until they reached the last stretch of houses in the west end that they found one woman who had any valid information at all, and even its worth was questionable. This woman said she had ridden downtown on the bus with Mrs. Barbaree on Friday afternoon and had heard her complain about the freight charges made by intercity truck lines on household goods. She had inferred from that that the Barbarees were thinking of moving.

It was a long shot, but there were only a few intercity moving outfits in Seminole and Sandlin returned to the Barbaree home to phone them.

His second call bore fruit. Mrs. Barbaree had phoned there on Friday and inquired about the cost for moving to Dothan, Ala. She had added that she might call for service on short notice.

Dothan was 1000 miles away. Apparently the two had been planning a quick runout. That would account for Bob's packed grip. But they hadn't planned soon enough. Twenty-four hours after Mrs. Barbaree phoned, she was dead. And her husband was presumably a victim of the same killer.

Sandlin was trying to stack these findings in order when a shout from the front of the house sent him racing onto the porch. Azlin had just rounded the corner from the kitchen and pinioned a stocky man against the side of the house.

"This guy got rough," the deputy panted. "He jumped me."

Sandlin flashed his pocket light full on the face of the intruder. Blood was trickling down the man's cheek from a cut on his head, but the sheriff recognized him instantly. It was Bob Barbaree.

"Sheriff," Barbaree muttered thickly. "I thought . . ." he broke off that sentence and started anew. "Okay, so it's a search. But let me see your warrant."

"This is no liquor raid, Barbaree," Sandlin said. "This is a murder investigation."

"Murder! Who's been murdered?"

"Your wife, for one," Azlin said bluntly.

"And we thought you were the other."

For a moment the man's face was blank. Then he seemed to force himself back to reality. "I don't know what kind of trick you're hatching, but I'm damn sure nothing's happened to Faye."

Sandlin took the man's arm and led him into the bedroom. "Does that look like something's happened?"

Barbaree's face turned a sick gray and a violent fit of trembling shook his whole body. "Where is she?" he asked finally.

"We thought maybe you could tell us," Sandlin said.

Barbaree pushed himself away from the door and slumped into a chair. "Oh, God, oh, God," he moaned. "I quit my job in Oklahoma City this morning and caught a late afternoon bus back here. I got in about dusk and when I saw the house all shuttered up I thought Faye had gone downtown to a movie so I left my suitcase on the back porch and went into town for dinner. I had just come back when your man jumped me."

Too Many Enemies

"What did you put up a fight for, Bob? Who'd you think it was?"

Barbaree shrugged his beefy shoulders. "Sheriff, I got more enemies than any man's got a right to. You know that. It could have been anyone. But I figured I'd better fight my way out."

"We've got reason to think two people may have been murdered here, Bob. Do you have any idea who the other one might be?"

A look of fear crossed Barbaree's face, but he shook his head. "I don't know anyone who'd pull a thing like this, sheriff, and that's the truth."

"Then you'd better come down to headquarters, fellow, for your own safety as well as ours."

Chief Jenkins blinked in astonishment as Sandlin walked in with the man he had believed dead. But after a brief explanation, he ordered Barbaree into another room.

"I've been doing some checking on that man over in Oklahoma City who's supposed to have threatened Barbaree," the chief told Sandlin. "His name is Boots Farraday and he's a whisky runner."

"That's Bob's meat, all right. He never could steer clear of those fellows."

"No. And he wasn't steering clear this time, either. I checked with the Oklahoma City police and they tell me Barbaree never did work there as a barber. But the thing that surprised me was that Farraday wasn't gunning for Bob on account of the liquor racket, but over a woman. Seems Bob was courting Farraday's common-law wife. Farraday got wind of it. He kicked the woman out and threatened to kill Barbaree on sight."

"Bring Barbaree in here," the sheriff ordered. "He may be trying to cover for Farraday to save his own hide. But we'll get the truth out of him."

Barbaree slouched into the room and sat down in a chair opposite the police chief. He listened in stony-faced silence to the chief's story of his Oklahoma City findings. When Jenkins was through Barbaree said: "Okay, I don't admit it and I don't deny it. So what?"

"Was there any reason for Farraday to murder your wife?" Sandlin asked.

Barbaree rubbed the palm of one hand over the knuckles of the other and stared down at the floor. "I reckon I might as well tell you everything since you know this much," he said. "Farraday swore he was going to get even by taking Faye away from me, if he had to cut her throat to do it."

"So that's why the two of you were packing for Alabama?" Sandlin said.

"Alabama? We wasn't . . ."

The sheriff shot Barbaree a quick look and suddenly a flood of answers were outlined clearly on the face of the puzzled Barbaree. It was apparent that Bob Barbaree had not been included in his wife's plans to go south. She was leaving him. And anybody who knew Bob Barbaree knew that was something he couldn't take.

Before the sheriff could push his new theory any further, however, he was interrupted by a phone call. Jenkins took it.

"It's the men we sent out to check on that car license," he told Sandlin a short while later. "They've tracked it down. It

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was a '48 Ford, all right. But it belonged to a used car dealer. Some fellow took it out for a demonstration this afternoon."

"Some fellow! You mean to tell me the owner didn't get the man's name or address?"

"Yeah. He got them. But they were phonies. The car's back on the lot now and the rear seat's covered with blood."

Sandlin winced. He knew now what had happened and the knowledge of it was horrible. "Mrs. Barbaree's blood," he said, hali to himself.

"But what about the other victim?" Azlin said.

"There wasn't any other victim," Sandlin replied. "I called the turn myself earlier this evening, but I didn't know it then. I said, 'You can't die twice.' Well, I was wrong, or very close to wrong. Tell that used car dealer to get over here fast. I want him to identify a prospective buyer."

While the officers waited the arrival of the dealer, Barbaree was led into another room and Sandlin explained his new theory to Jenkins, a theory that made the hackles rise on the veteran officer.

"Bob Barbaree is our killer," Sandlin said without ceremony. "He was sore because he got wind his wife was leaving him. He didn't know until I mentioned it that Faye was going to Alabama. But he knew she was going someplace. He came back here Saturday night, quarreled with her and slugged her senseless. I'm sure he thought he'd killed her. Then he skipped. I don't know where he's been the past few days, back in Oklahoma City, maybe, but he knew he had to get rid of that body."

The sheriff paused a moment while Jenkins digested the horror of his story.

"My God, Sandlin. You mean he came back here today, found his wife was still alive, so he finished her off, then hid her body?"

"That's exactly what I mean. Faye Barbaree came as close to dying twice as any person can."

It was a story of such heinous dimensions that even Sandlin didn't want to admit it, but he knew he was right. And when the car dealer arrived, he proved it to his own satisfaction.

Barbaree was led back into the room. "That's the man, all right," the dealer said, looking Barbaree square in the face. And Barbaree made no effort to deny it. The dealer was dismissed.

"All right, Barbaree," Sandlin said. "Do you want to tell us about it now?"

In a colorless, sing-song voice Barbaree filled in the gaps. "You're right," he said. "I was there Saturday morning. That's when Faye told me she was leaving. The house was in her name so the law couldn't take it if I got in trouble with the whisky business. I knew what she was planning. She was going to take our furniture, run off and marry some other guy."

"What's the rest of it?"

Barbaree shook his head. He refused to say anymore. But Azlin filled in for him. "You struck her with the hammer. You thought you'd killed her, so you left the house and didn't come back until today. Then you found she wasn't dead. She might even have lived if she'd had medical attention."

Barbaree nodded vacantly. He tried to talk, but no words came. Finally he could speak. "He's right," he said. "She was still alive. I got a butcher knife from the kitchen and slit her throat."

"Where did you take her body?" Jenkins asked.

"Out west of town. I'll show you."

Taking County Attorney Jack Scott with them, the officers drove out west of town until Barbaree told them to stop on a country road about four miles from Seminole. There, in an oak thicket, lay the body of Faye Barbaree in a nightgown, wrapped in a blue bedspread.

The physician who examined the body confirmed Barbaree's fiendish story of the crime. Faye Barbaree had been beaten



Azlin (left) and Sandlin beside death bed.

severely on the head with a hammer, but she had been dead only 10 hours.

Returned to Seminole for more questioning, Barbaree repeated his story verbally, but refused to sign a statement. He had led them to the body, however, and this was powerful enough evidence for Prosecutor Scott to file a charge of first degree murder against him.

Within the next few days, Barbaree was ordered confined in the state mental hospital at Norman, Okla., for observation. He was returned to Seminole on August 3, 1950 for arraignment and he pleaded not guilty. He is being held without bond for trial at which time the extent of his guilt or innocence will be established.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to an innocent person, the name Boots Farraday, used in this story, is fictitious.

Never Give Up

(Continued from page 21)

get his beak out of kilter." Boyle put his drawing away. "Now this fellow Ories doesn't fit in. He speaks English with a Spanish accent, he's lived in Hammond two years, before that back east in Pennsylvania. We're looking for local talent, Gilbert. Somebody that knows the terrain."

"When he told us all about how he killed Roberta," Gilbert said, "this Ories kept flourishing a map. And we couldn't trip him up anywhere. He knew the terrain, described it all accurately."

"He could have traced the map from any newspaper report and covered the ground later. There's always some nut around likes to confess to something sensational."

"Anyway, we confiscated his map. Shall I bring him in now?"

"Let the boys look him over, Gilbert. By the way, does this Ories drive a car?"

"He carried Indiana papers," said Gilbert.

He went out and Boyle turned to the others. "We're bringing in this fellow from Hammond who gave himself up there and professes to have turned the trick. Look him over while I do the quizzing."

A minute later, Ories, teeth flashing, nodding delightedly, was led in by Gilbert.

Boyle beckoned to the suspect and Ories scampered over to the desk. He placed thumbs under the lapels of his fawn vest, began teetering on elevator heels. "Good evening, sir."

"What's on your mind?" asked Boyle casually.

Ories' jaw sagged. "Don't you know who I am?"

"It's sort of slipped my mind. You tell me."

Ories put his hands on his hips. "I'm number 129, that's who I am."

Everybody looked deadpan at the suspect. "Explain that," said Boyle.

"I'm the 129th sexual psychopath the police have questioned in the killing of Roberta Rinearson. I'm here to make a full confession. I did it and I'm ready to take my punishment. The quicker the better." He glanced around, smirking at his audience.

"Tell us how you went about killing the girl, Ories."

"Exactly, sir. That I will. First I beat her. She jumped out of the car and I caught her and started choking her, so I had to gag her with her panties. Then I strangled her. After that I had my way with her."

"What do you mean by that, Ories?"

"I raped her. I confess it all. Punish me, give me the chair, absolve me of my sins!"

A cop came in from the squad-room and placed a telegram on the desk. Boyle read it and then nodding to the bluecoat who had lingered near, he thumbed toward the door. Ories was led off, crying: "Punish me, punish me for my sins!"

The door shut and Boyle addressed them. "Gentlemen, you can forget him. The wire was from Hammond. This Ories is mentally sick, and he's about to be committed to an institution by a Doctor Garcia. On the very night of the killing, gentlemen, Ories was under treatment in a hospital in Whiting."

"This goes to show what a mendacious task lies ahead of us," continued Boyle. "I know every man's a suspect until the killer's caught. But we haven't got the men, the time or the means to run them all down. Let's concentrate then on the most probable, stick close to home grounds. Concentrate on four main themes. Firstly, the killer was acquainted with Roberta before his deed. Secondly, he lives nearby, he's thoroughly at home in the terrain. Thirdly, he's an expert driver. Fourthly, and most important, he's a repeater, his kind always are, perverts never quit. And by God, gentlemen, neither shall we until we've tracked him down!"

After the others had cleared out, all except Boyle and Gilbert, the state's attorney pulled out his foolscap and unfolded it. He pencilled in a pair of eyeglasses above the broken nose of the mackinaw-clad husky.

Gilbert considered the effect. "Makes him look around forty-five, Chief."

Boyle rubbed out the spectacles, shaded in the eyes set too closely together.

"Could be he's about thirty-two, this way, Chief."

"It's shaping up a bit. A husky, sexually unstable fellow. He'd have to have keen eyes to have maneuvered the car as he did at the scene of the killing. Eyes that can see in the dark, like a cat's."

"Chief, you're really in earnest about that drawing, aren't you?"

"In dead earnest, Gilbert. We're after a killer and we can't afford to overlook anything. Hard plugging and imagination, and maybe a bit of luck and all the patience and endurance in the world. Those are the tools we must work with."

They shook hands. "I'll call it a day, Chief."

Personal Angle

"Remember, Gilbert, I have more than a professional pride in solving the affair. There's a personal angle, too. The girl's grandmother, Mrs. Anna Donahue, is a clerk in my office. She's been competent, loyal, unselfish. She's served me for many years, and I don't mean to let her down."

"I hope I can serve you in the same manner. You can count on me to give my utmost to do that, sir."

It was exactly at 6 p. m., January 20, that Du Page County Sheriff Hoffman trooped into Gilbert's office in Brookfield. With him he had a feather—a tawny yellow feather. But that didn't come up until later.

First he and Captain Gilbert spent an hour going over some papers and at 7 p. m. Boyle lumbered in, drew up his chair and began scanning the documents they piled before him.

He laid the papers aside, rested comfortably on the edge of his spine, feet on the table. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "we haven't gotten very far in the past ten days. Right now we have only three suspects to consider." He picked up three sheets of paper. "Number one is Elliott Nestor, 27, captured in hold-up a mile from scene of murder—being held for further investigation.

"Then there's this fellow under surveillance out in Cicero, George Lettrich, Jr., 36, arrested for stealing and cashing government

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 67)

allotment checks. Made restitution; charges not pressed.

"And last, an 18-year-old kid, Arthur Greener, former inmate of the state training school. Has a sex record. That covers it. But what about them? Could they account for their actions on the night of the killing?"

"Nestor and Lettrich, yes. They detailed their movements carefully. But Greener, he's got a different story every time we question him. We're holding him."

"Keep after him, and the other two, also. How do they shape up physically?"

"All three of them fit the sketch you made to a certain extent, Chief. Their ages vary, but they're all expert drivers, sturdy, well-built fellows. Nestor and Lettrich are married."

"Anything else important, Gilbert?"

"Nothing pressing."

"And you, sheriff?"

"There's a girl," said Hoffman, "a fly, small-town chit, a newcomer to the area, named Barbara Folwell."

Boyle grinned. "Where does she fit? But wait—first what's this yellow feather?"

"That's part of her story," Hoffman explained. "She came in this morning to tell us about a strange man she picked up and took to a tavern in Wheaton for some drinks last night. She claims she's 17. We investigated. She hadn't turned 15. She's full-blown for her age, uses too much paint, and I wouldn't trust her with my grandfather."

Boyle took out his square of foolscap with his pencilled drawing. "What did this pick-up of Barbara's look like?"

"I tried to pin her down to details, but she was pretty vague," Hoffman answered. "He wasn't young, he wasn't old, she said. Maybe 28 or 30. Let's call him 30. To a 15-

year-old chit 30 years is middle aged."

"Is that all she could say about him?"

"He was well-built, nice-looking until he started drinking. Then his nose got red. That's when she lost interest in him."

"It was about 1 p.m., then. They were the only customers in the back room and this fellow starts making indecent proposals and mauling the girl. She was afraid to cry out, but she wrestled with him and finally managed to run out through the back way."

"And the feather?"

"I checked with the night barman of that place. He remembered the girl who ran out. Said the man stayed 'til closing time. When paying up, the feather fell out of his pocket. The barman just happened to pick it up—liked the color."

Boyle dipped a pen in some red ink, shaded in the nose on his drawing. "Canary-lover, maybe. Probably married, has a few kids. His trouble's drink, he can't hold his liquor and shows it. Ruddy or light complexion, that's the type would get a red nose fast from too much booze."

"Mr. Boyle, do you really think you have something tangible there, something we can actually lay our hands on?" asked Hoffman.

"Not yet, but before we're finished, we may have the full portrait," replied Boyle. He grinned. "I won't guarantee it. But it's not exactly shooting at the moon, either. Now a light-complexioned man would have light eyes. Cat's eyes, eyes that can see well in the dark. Grey, green or blue eyes. That's our man."

"But I know plenty of dark-eyed men who can find their way in the dark."

"What you say doesn't alter my picture too much. A husky man of 32, married, expert driver, light eyes, ruddy complexion, keeps a canary. However, I welcome a certain amount of skepticism on your side. We

mustn't be too pat about it. Now it would be a good idea to have our men visit the bird stores. Find out who keeps canaries, especially in Wheaton where this girl was molested."

Coincidences are always amazing, and the Rinearson case had its share of amazing sequences. While the officers were considering Boyle's imaginary portrait, a call came through from Sheriff Hoffman.

New Attack

"Looks like that rum-pot pulled another last night," he said when he hung up. "That call was from my bailiwick, station sergeant there. He said a girl, about 15, came in this morning. She'd been picked up at the edge of the forest preserve by a casual acquaintance. The spot isn't far from where the Rinearson girl was murdered. She said she fought for an hour trying to beat off this man, but he overcame her and raped her. He kicked her out of the car, but she got the number, and my sergeant in Wheaton has traced it to a roadhouse at the southwest corner of my county."

"Bring him in," Boyle said. "I want to see what he looks like."

A splurge of coral and lavender neon bulbs blazoned: "DAVE'S ROOST." Gilbert drove the prowl a few feet past the roadhouse, parked clear of the road. He and Hoffman got out, ambled toward the bright lights. Inside, a trumpeter and drummer-boy were killing some music.

The car they were seeking, a green Chrysler, mud-splashed, was sharply silhouetted on the drive-in. Hoffman circled around the back, while Gilbert headed for the entrance.

The front of the joint was partitioned, fitted up with a long bar. The bartender, a bald, fat man, eyed him suspiciously. It was no place for badge-flashing. Gilbert said, "A beer, and have one yourself."

The fat man sliced the foam off two trick-bottom glasses with a single motion. Gilbert spun a half-dollar over the wood, started toward the dance hall.

"Check your hat?" The girl behind the wicket had hair the color of vanilla ice cream. Her arms were too brown, Gilbert could see she was new at the job.

"Never mind the hat." He tucked a dollar up the sleeve of her dress. "That's for you baby. Where's the guy that drove up in the green Chrysler?"

"Am I supposed to tell?" She fluttered her eyes at him. He palmed her another bill.

"Oh, him? He's in back. Go through this room, then the next one. He's in the one beyond that. But he's got company now."

Gilbert threaded his way through the dancers, past a man with a sad, old face sitting at the piano. The drummer started a cymbal solo. Gilbert went through.

Here, a dozen men crowded around a crap table. Gilbert watched a one-armed man put down five bucks, make six straight passes.



"Wonderful house detective . . . stays right with the man."

rolled it all for the seventh pass, crapped it, threw the dice through the window. Gilbert headed for the back room.

The lights were dim, discreet, Spanish awls festooned the walls. There was a cabaret with drinks on it. Next to the cabaret was a couch and on it sat a girl, a young, corn-fed sprout with a tip-tilted nose. Next to her glowered a black-haired six-footer. "You-all get out, brother," he said. "We've bought time here. Shove off."

"Sorry to intrude. I'm the house man. We'd like to move your car a bit. There's a jam out front. We'd like to move that green Chrysler of yours."

The six-footer nodded. "Sure, sure, go ahead."

"Thank you," Gilbert saluted, left the room.

They collared him going out the back way, introduced themselves and heard in turn that he was Clifford Johnson and what was the idea?

They took him to Wheaton, paraded him in front of the girl. Yes. He was the one. He hadn't done anything without her consent, he declared. Then they had Barbara Folwell, look him over. Barbara had never seen him before.

So they took him around to talk to Boyle, and the big fellow heard him out and they locked him up for further quizzing.

"Definitely not our man. Nothing there to add to our portrait," said Boyle. "This fellow's from Arkansas. We're after local talent, I'm convinced of that."

And the weeks went by and the months passed and they brought them in, in droves, by the hundreds, brought in the local talent for Boyle to look at. Brought them in from

every town and hamlet in the Chicago area, from Lake County, Indiana, from the dune hang-outs, from Southern Wisconsin, from Milwaukee. They went as far east as Toledo and Detroit, down to Cincinnati, and brought them in for Boyle to question.

They dragged in the wife-beaters, the easy-money boys, the pimps, the killers, rapists, squealers, the phonies and the nuts. And in early March, 1949, State's Attorney Boyle summed it up. "Fifteen hundred suspects and none of them right. But we're not through. We'll never give up!"

The total passed 2,500, but Boyle and his men kept doggedly at it. They rounded up the gunmen, the heist guys, the hoodlums, kids, the breakers of parole, the hooligans, psychos. They got them from Sheboygan, Mishawaka, Ypsilanti. From Dubuque and Dunkirk, New York.

They heard their stories in English, Yiddish, German, Bohunk; in Spanish, Portuguese, in all tongues. The number passed 3,000 and among them was Ronald Dofat, 18, a bakery worker. It looked bad for Dofat at first. They caught him as he was breaking into the apartment of a young woman near Crawford and Ogden Avenue, Chicago.

She was undressing for bed at the time. Her screams brought in a patrolman. Dofat was taken to Brookfield.

Boyle and Gilbert questioned him through the night. Dofat admitted he'd molested young girls, but never went so far as rape. He was constantly overcome by "sexual obsession."

Though he could not account for his actions on the night of Roberta's murder, he had to be absolved of that crime after it

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- ☐ One-Way to Hell
- ☐ "I'm No Damn Good!"
- ☐ Never Give Up
- ☐ An Apple for Eve
- ☐ White Collar Killer

- ☐ Case of the Upstairs Corpse
- ☐ Murder: 4 Feet 6
- ☐ While the Killer Slept
- ☐ Such Nice Boys
- ☐ You Can Only Die Twice

We have two other questions we'd like to ask. Your answer will help us to give you the kind of stories you want.

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was learned he was unable to drive a car. And there was Chris Stabort, 36, captured in a hold-up. They searched his quarters. On the wall above his bed was an enlarged picture of Roberta Rinearson. He'd clipped the original from the paper, he said, because she reminded him of a kid "he was crazy about when I was in grammar school."

Stabort had been a truck-driver; he had fair skin, grey eyes, weighed 179, stood 5 feet, 11 inches.

It wasn't hard for Stabort to prove his innocence. On December 17, 1948, he was in the Peoria jail.

Ories, Barbara Folwell, Johnson, Dofat and Stabort, these were the highlights, the

headline blazoners in the long-drawn-out affair and none was the killer.

Early in April, 1950, Boyle got the big break he'd been waiting for. It all stemmed from the "canary" feather. Boyle took it to the curator of birds at the Brookfield Zoo. It wasn't a canary feather at all, the quill was that of a cockatoo, one of the species resident in the Zoo's cage.

The clue was followed up, and they found a George Lettrich, Senior, age 60, lion-keeper, whose son George Lettrich, Junior, had been an early and minor suspect case.

At the time of Roberta's killing and for a short period afterward, the younger Lettrich was employed as a truck-driver at the

zoo. He'd been caught stealing, had made restitution, but was dismissed.

Boyle immediately placed a 24-hour surveillance on Lettrich, Jr.'s movements, but decided not to question him until his background had been thoroughly investigated. He was married, had three children. Mrs. Lettrich, taking the youngest two, had left her husband. He'd remained with his oldest child at his father's home in Cicero.

Then, without his being aware of it, the police enabled the girl Barbara Folwell, and the barman at the place where she'd been molested, to get a good look at Lettrich, Jr.

Barbara wasn't sure, she had only been a few minutes with him. She'd been drinking herself. She couldn't remember clearly.

The barman shrugged. Maybe yes, maybe no.

Boyle's imaginary portrait tallied closely with Lettrich's looks. The suspect was quite so husky. He weighed 155, had light skin, light hazel eyes, prominent nose.

So he was allowed to range. Nobody had exactly put the finger on him, nobody who looked at him could connect him with Roberta Rinearson.

"If he's guilty, we'll catch him trying to repeat."

Wait for a Repeat

It was remembered he'd already accounted for his whereabouts the night of the killing, the time they picked him up in January, 1949.

On June 30, 1950, Mrs. George Lettrich, Jr. obtained a warrant for his arrest on a charge of disorderly conduct. Neighbors said he'd been annoying her. Judge Irwin Clorfene put him under a \$100-bond, dismissed the charge.

So on the afternoon of August 3, they caught him making advances to two young girls in Lyon, Ill. It wasn't far from where Roberta had been murdered. They caught him before he could do any harm this time, and they put the lie detector to work on him about Roberta Rinearson.

Around 4:30 A.M., in Boyle's presence, George Lettrich, Jr. made a formal, four-page confession.

"I killed the little girl," he said. He told of visiting taverns before he went to the theater on the fatal night. He met Roberta in the lobby, asked her if she would like to take a ride rather than see the picture.

They rode to a tavern in his father's car. She sat in the auto, while he drank. They resumed driving, he made advances, but she resisted. Near Arlington Cemetery, he parked the car on a lonely road. She tried to push him away, then opened the car door.

"She tripped, fell in the ditch, started to kick and scream," the confession continued. "I took off her panties and stuffed them in her mouth."

Then, the confession went on, he attacked her, holding her down with his arm across her chest.

"Suddenly I realized I had done a terrible thing," said Lettrich. "I got up, went to the car. Then I looked at her. She was still alive. She tried to sit up, but rolled over on her stomach."

At the time of this writing, August 16, 1950, Lettrich was in the Cook County jail, awaiting his fate. But for the first time in nearly two years the nebulous portrait of a man was clear in the mind of Boyle and his vow that he'd never give up had been carried out.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Carlos Ories, Clifford Johnson, Donald Dofat, Barbara Folwell and Chris Stabort, used in this story, are fictitious.

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